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GUERNSEY EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

ODES ET BALLADES — LES ORIENTALES —
LES CHÂTIMENTS — LES QUATRE
VENTS DE L'ESPRIT

BY VICTOR HUGO



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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16561

GUERNSEY EDITION.

Limited to One Thousand Copies.

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ODES ET BALLADES.

VICTOR HUGO'S POEMS.



ODES ET BALLADES.



ENVY AND AVARICE.

ENVY and Avarice, one summer day,
Sauntering abroad
In quest of the abode
Of some poor wretch or fool who lived that way, —
You, or myself, perhaps, I cannot say, —
Along the road, scarce heeding where it tended,
Their way in sullen, sulky silence wended;
For, though twin sisters, these two charming creatures,
Rivals in hideousness of form and features,
Wasted no love between them as they went.
Pale Avarice,
With gloating eyes,
And back and shoulders almost double bent,
Was hugging close that fatal box

For which she 's ever on the watch
Some glance to catch
Suspiciously directed to its locks ;
And Envy too, no doubt, with silent winking
Of her green, greedy orbs, no single minute
Withdrawn from it, was hard a-thinking
Of all the shining dollars in it.

The only words that Avarice could utter,
Her constant doom, in a low, frightened mutter,
“ There 's not enough, enough, yet in my store ! ”
While Envy, as she scanned the glittering sight,
Groaned as she gnashed her yellow teeth with spite,
“ She 's more than me, — more, still forever more ! ”

Thus, each in her own fashion, as they wandered,
Upon the coffer's precious contents pondered,
When suddenly, to their surprise,
The god Desire stood before their eyes, —
Desire, that courteous deity who grants
All wishes, prayers, and wants ;
Said he to the two sisters : “ Beauteous ladies,
As I 'm a gentleman, my task and trade is
To be the slave of your behest.
Choose therefore at your own sweet will and pleasure,
Honours or treasure, —

Or, in one word, whatever you'd like best.
But let us understand each other: she
Who speaks the first, her prayer shall certainly
Receive; the other, the same boon *redoubled!*"

Imagine how our amiable pair
At this proposal, all so frank and fair,
Were mutually troubled!
Misers and enviers of our human race,
Say, what would you have done in such a case?
Each of the sisters murmured, sad and low:
"What boots it, O Desire, to me to have
Crowns, treasures, all the goods that heart can crave,
Or power divine bestow,
Since still another must have always more?"

So each, lest she should speak before
The other, hesitating slow and long
Till the god lost all patience, held her tongue.
He was enraged in such a way
To be kept waiting there all day,
With two such beauties in the public road;
Scarce able to be civil even,
He wished them both — well, not in heaven.

Envy at last the silence broke,
And smiling, with malignant sneer,
Upon her sister dear,
Who stood in expectation by,
Ever implacable and cruel, spoke ;
“ I would be blinded of *one* eye ! ”

THE DRAGONFLY.

WHEN to avoid chill winter's snow
The gilded insect takes its flight,
Too often bramble, bush or brier,
Has torn its wings so frail and bright.

So youth with all its strength and fire,
Sipping the sweets on every side,
Receives a fatal wound from thorns
Which the gay flowers of pleasure hide.

THE FEAST OF FREEDOM.

[There was in Rome one antique usage, as follows: On the eve of the execution-day, the sufferers were given a public banquet (at the prison-gate), known as the "Free Festival." — CHATEAUBRIAND: *Martyrs*.]

TO YE KINGS.

WHEN the Christians were doomed to the lions
of old

By thè priest and the prætor, combined to uphold

An idolatrous cause,

Forth they came while the vast Colosseum throughout

Gathered thousands looked on, and they fell 'mid the
shout

Of "the people's" applause.

On the eve of that day of their evenings the last,

At the gates of their dungeon a gorgeous repast,

Rich, unstinted, unpriced,

That the doomed might, forsooth, gather strength ere
they bled,

With an ignorant pity the jailers would spread

For the martyrs of Christ.

Oh, 't was strange for a pupil of Paul to recline
On voluptuous couch, while Falernian wine

Fill'd his cup to the brim !

Dulcet music of Greece, Asiatic repose,
Spicy fragrance of Araby, Italian rose,

All united for him !

Every luxury known through the earth's wide expanse,
In profusion procured was put forth to enhance

The repast that they gave ;

And no Sybarite, nursed in the lap of delight,
Such a banquet ere tasted as welcomed that night

The elect of the grave.

And the lion, meantime, shook his ponderous chain ;
Loud and fierce howled the tiger, impatient to stain

The bloodthirsty arena ;

Whilst the women of Rome, who applauded those
deeds,

And who hailed the forthcoming enjoyment, must
needs

Shame the restless hyæna.

They who figured as guests on that ultimate eve,
In their turn on the morrow were destined to give

To the lions their food ;

For behold in the guise of a slave at that board,
Where his victims enjoyed all that life can afford,
Death administering stood.

Such, O monarchs of earth! was your banquet of
power,
But the tocsin has burst on your festival hour;
'T is your knell that it rings!
To the popular tiger a prey is decreed,
And the maw of Republican hunger will feed
On a banquet of kings!

KING LOUIS XVII.

THE golden gates were opened wide that day,
All through the unveiled heaven there seemed
to play

Out of the Holiest of Holy, light ;
And the elect beheld, crowd immortal,
A young soul, led up by young angels bright,
Stand in the starry portal.

A fair child fleeing from the world's fierce hate,
In his blue eye the shade of sorrow sate,
His golden hair hung all dishevelled down
On wasted cheeks that told a mournful story,
And angels twined him with the innocent's crown,
The martyr's palm of glory.

The virgin souls that to the Lamb are near,
Called through the clouds with voices heavenly clear,
"God hath prepared a glory for thy brow ;
Rest in his arms, and all ye hosts that sing
His praises ever on untired string,

Chant, for a mortal comes among ye now ;
Do homage, — 't is a king !”

And the pale shadow saith to God in heaven :

“ I am an orphan and no king at all ;
I was a weary prisoner yestereven.

My father's murderers fed my soul with gall.
Not me, O Lord ! the regal name beseems.

Last night I fell asleep in dungeon drear,
But then I saw my mother in my dreams.

Say, shall I find her here ?”

The angels said : “ Thy Saviour bids thee come ;
Out of an impure world he calls thee home,

From the mad earth, where horrid murder waves

Over the broken cross her impure wings,
And regicides go down among the graves,
Scenting the blood of kings.”

He cries : “ Then have I finished my long life ?

Are all its evils over, all its strife,

And will no cruel jailer evermore

Wake me to pain, this blissful vision o'er ?

Is it no dream that nothing else remains

Of all my torments but this answered cry,

And have I had, O God ! amid my chains,
The happiness to die ?

“ For none can tell what cause I had to pine,
What pangs, what miseries, each day were mine ;
And when I wept there was no mother near
To soothe my cries, and smile away my tear.
Poor victim of a punishment unending,
Torn like a sapling from its mother-earth,
So young, I could not tell what crime impending
Had stained me from my birth.

“ Yet far off in dim memory, it seems,
With all its horror mingled happy dreams ;
Strange cries of glory rocked my sleeping head,
And a glad people watched beside my bed.
One day into mysterious darkness thrown,
I saw the promise of my future close ;
I was a little child, left all alone,
Alas ! and I had foes.

“ They cast me living in a dreary tomb ;
Never mine eyes saw sunlight pierce the gloom.
Only ye, brother angels, used to sweep
Down from your heaven, and visit me in sleep.

'Neath blood-red hands my young life withered there.

Dear Lord, the bad are miserable all;

Be not thou deaf, like them, unto my prayer, —

It is for them I call."

The angels sang: "See heaven's high arch unfold!

Come, we will crown thee with the stars above,

Will give thee cherub-wings of blue and gold,

And thou shalt learn our ministry of love,

Shalt rock the cradle where some mother's tears

Are dropping o'er her restless little one,

Or, with thy luminous breath, in distant spheres,

Shalt kindle some cold sun."

Ceased the full choir, all heaven was hushed to hear

Bowed the fair face, still wet with many a tear;

In depths of space the rolling worlds were stayed

Whilst the Eternal in the infinite said, —

"O king, I kept thee far from human state,

Who hadst a dungeon only for thy throne,

O son! rejoice, and bless thy bitter fate, —

The slavery of kings thou hast not known.

What if thy wasted arms are bleeding yet,

And wounded with the fetter's cruel trace,

No earthly diadem has ever set
A stain upon thy face.

“Child, life and hope were with thee at thy birth ;
But life soon bowed thy tender form to earth,
And hope forsook thee in thy hour of need.
Come, for thy Saviour had his pains divine ;
Come, for his brow was crowned with thorns like thine ;
His sceptre was a reed.”

NERO'S INCENDIARY SONG.

A WEARY unto death, my friends, — a mood by
wise abhorred, —

Come to the novel feast I spread, thrice-consul, Nero,
lord,

The Cæsar, master of the world, and eke of harmony,
Who plays the harp of many strings, a chief of min-
strelsy.

My joyful call should instantly bring all who love me
most, —

For ne'er were seen such arch delights from Greek or
Roman host ;

Nor at the free, control-less jousts, where, spite of
cynic vaunts,

Austere but lenient Seneca no Ereles bumper daunts ;

Nor where upon the Tiber floats Aglaë in galley gay,
'Neath Asian tent of brilliant stripes, in gorgeous array ;
Nor when to lutes and tambourines the wealthy pre-
fect flings

A score of slaves, their fetters wreathed, to feed grim,
greedy things.

I vow to show ye Rome aflame, the whole town in a
mass ;

Upon this tower we 'll take our stand to watch the 'wilder-
dered pass ;

How paltry, fights of men and beasts ! Here be my
combatants ;

The Seven Hills my circus form, and fiends shall lead
the dance.

This is more meet for him who rules to drive away his
stress ;

He, being god, should lightnings hurl and make a wil-
derness.

But, haste ! for night is darkling ; soon the festival it
brings.

Already see the hydra show its tongues and sombre
wings,

And mark upon a shrinking prey the rush of kindling
breaths ;

They tap and sap the threatened walls, and bear un-
counted deaths ;

And 'neath caresses scorching hot the palaces decay.

Oh, that I, too, could thus caress and burn and blight
and slay !

Hark to the hubbub ! scent the fumes ! Are those real
men or ghosts ?

The stillness spreads of Death abroad — Down come
the temple posts !

Their molten bronze is coursing fast, and joins with
silver waves

To leap with hiss of thousand snakes where Tiber
writhes and raves.

All's lost ! In jasper, marble, gold, the statues totter
— crash !

Spite of the names divine engraved, they are but dust
and ash.

The victor-scourge sweeps swollen on, whilst north
winds sound the horn

To goad the flies of fire yet beyond the flight forlorn.

Proud capital, farewell fore'er ! These flames naught
can subdue.

The Aqueduct of Sylla gleams, a bridge o'er hellish
brew.

'Tis Nero's whim ! How good to see Rome brought
the lowest down ;

Yet, Queen of all the earth, give thanks for such a
splendrous crown !

When I was young, the sibyls pledged eternal rule to
thee ;

That Time himself would lay his bones before thy un-
bent knee.

Ha ! ha ! how brief indeed the space ere this " immortal
star "

Shall be consumed in its own glow, and vanished, oh,
how far !

How lovely conflagrations look when night is utter
dark !

The youth who fired Ephesus' fane falls low beneath
my mark.

The pangs of people — when I sport, what matters ?
See them whirl

About, as salamanders frisk and in the brazier curl.

Take from my brow this poor rose-crown, — the flames
have made it pine ;

If blood rains on your festive gowns, wash off with
Cretan wine !

I like not overmuch that red — Good taste says, " gild
a crime ! "

" To stifle shrieks by drinking-songs " is — thanks ! —
a hint sublime.

I punish Rome; I am avenged. Did she not offer
prayers

Erst unto Jove, late unto Christ? — to e'en a Jew, she
dares!

Now, in thy terror, own my right to rule above them
all!

Alone I rest; except this pile, I leave no single hall.

Yet I destroy to build anew, and Rome shall fairer
shine —

But out, my guards, and slay the dolts who thought
me not divine.

The stiffnecks, haste! annihilate! Make ruin all com-
plete —

And, slaves, bring in fresh roses. What odour is more
sweet?

REGRET.

YES, Happiness hath left me soon behind !
Alas ! we all pursue its steps ; and when
We've sunk to rest within its arms entwined,
Like the Phœnician virgin, wake, and find
Ourselves alone again.

Then, through the distant future's boundless space,
We seek the lost companion of our days ;
" Return, return ! " we cry, and, lo ! apace
Pleasure appears, — but not to fill the place
Of that we mourn always.

I, should unhallowed Pleasure woo me now,
Will to the wanton sore'ress say, " Begone !
Respect the cypress on my mournful brow.
Lost Happiness hath left regret, but *thou*
Leavest remorse alone."

Yet, haply lest I check the mounting fire.
O friends ! that in your revelry appears.

With you I'll breathe the air which ye respire,
And smiling, hide my melancholy lyre
When it is wet with tears.

Each in his secret heart perchance doth own
Some foud regret 'neath passing smiles concealed;
Sufferers alike together and alone
Are we, with many a grief to others known,
How many unrevealed!

Alas! for natural tears and simple pains,
For tender recollections, cherished long,
For guileless griefs, which no compunction stains,
We blush, as if we wore these earthly chains
Only for sport and song!

Yes, my blessed hours have fled without a trace;
In vain I strove their parting to delay.
Brightly they beamed, then left a cheerless space,
Like an o'erclouded smile, that in the face
Lightens, and fades away.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

To die: to sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.

STILL asleep! We have been since the noon thus
alone.

Oh, the hours we have ceased to number!
Wake, grandmother! speechless say why thou art grown.
Then, thy lips are so cold! The Madonna of stone
Is like thee in thy holy slumber.
We have watched thee in sleep, we have watched thee
at prayer,
But what can now betide thee?
Like thy hours of repose all thy orisons were,
And thy lips would still murmur a blessing whene'er
Thy children stood beside thee.

Now thine eye is unclosed, and thy forehead is bent
O'er the hearth, where ashes smoulder;
And behold, the watch-lamp will be speedily spent.
Art thou vexed? Have we done aught amiss? Oh,
relent!

But, parent, thy hands grow colder!
Say, with ours wilt thou let us rekindle in thine
The glow that has departed?

Wilt thou sing us some song of the days of lang syne ?
Wilt thou tell us some tale, from those volumes divine,
Of the brave and noble-hearted ?

Of the dragon who, crouching in forest green glen,
Lies in wait for the unwary ?
Of the maid who was freed by her knight from the den
Of the ogre, whose club was uplifted, but then
Turned aside by the wand of a fairy ?
Wilt thou teach us spell-words that protect from all
harm,
And thoughts of evil banish ?
What goblins the sign of the cross may disarm,
What saint it is good to invoke, and what charm
Can make the demon vanish ?

Or unfold to our gaze thy most wonderful book,
So feared by hell and Satan ;
At its hermits and martyrs in gold let us look,
At the virgins, and bishops with pastoral crook,
And the hymns and the prayers in Latin.
Oft with legends of angels, who watch o'er the young,
Thy voice was wont to gladden ;
Have thy lips yet no language, no wisdom thy tongue ?
Oh, see ! the light wavers, and sinking, hath flung
On the wall forms that sadden.

Wake ! awake ! evil spirits perhaps may presume
 To haunt thy holy dwelling ;
Pale ghosts are, perhaps, stealing into the room.
Oh, would that the lamp were relit, with the gloom
 These fearful thoughts dispelling !
Thou hast told us our parents lie sleeping beneath
 The grass, in a churchyard lonely ;
Now thine eyes have no motion, thy mouth has no
 breath,
And thy limbs are all rigid ! Oh, say, *is this death*,
 Or thy prayer, or thy slumber only ?

ENVOY.

Sad vigil they kept by that grandmother's chair,
 Kind angels hovered o'er them ;
And the dead-bell was tolled in the hamlet ; and there,
On the following eve, knelt that innocent pair,
 With the missal-book before them.

THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

THAT brow, that smile, that cheek so fair,
 Beseem my child, who weeps and plays :
 A heavenly spirit guards her ways,
From whom she stole that mixture rare.
 Through all her features shining mild,
The poet sees an angel there,
 The father sees a child.

And by their flame so pure and bright
 We see how lately those sweet eyes
 Have wandered down from paradise,
And still are lingering in its light.

All earthly things are but a shade
 Through which she looks at things above,
And sees the holy Mother-maid
 Athwart her mother's glance of love.

She seems celestial songs to hear,
And virgin souls are whispering near,

Till by her radiant smile deceived,
I say, " Young angel, lately given,
When was thy martyrdom achieved ?
And what name dost thou bear in heaven ?"



MORNING.

THE mist of the morning is torn by the peaks,
Old towers gleam white in the ray,
And already the glory so joyously seeks
The lark that's saluting the day.

Then smile away, man, at the heavens so fair,
Though, were you swept hence in the night,
From your dark, lonely tomb the owlets would stare
At the sun rising newly as bright.

But out of earth's trammels your soul would have
flown
Where glitters Eternity's stream,
And you shall have waked 'midst pure glories unknown,
As sunshine disperses a dream.

THE BATTLE.

H O ! hither flock, ye fowls of prey !
Ye wolves of war, make no delay !

For foemen 'neath our blades shall fall
Ere night may veil with purple pall.

The evening psalms are nearly o'er,
And priests who follow in our train
Have promised us the final gain,

And filled with faith our valiant corps.

Let orphans weep, and widows brood !
To-morrow we shall wash the blood
Off saw-gapped sword and lances bent.
So close the ranks and fire the tent,

And chill yon coward cavalcade
With brazen bugles blaring loud,
E'en though our chargers' neighing proud
Already has the host dismayed.

Spur, horsemen, spur ! The charge resounds !
On Gaelic spear the Northman bounds,

Through helmet plumes the arrows flit,
And plated breasts the pikeheads split.

The double-axe fells human oaks,
And like the thistles in the field
See bristling up (where none must yield !)
The points hewn off by sweeping strokes !

We, heroes all, our wounds disdain ;
Dismounted now, our horses slain,
Yet we advance, more courage show ;
Though stricken, seek to overthrow
The victor-knights who tread in mud
The writhing slaves who bite the heel,
While on caparisons of steel
The maces thunder, cudgels thud.

Should daggers fail hide-coats to shred,
Seize each your man and hug him dead !
Who falls unslain will only make
A mouthful to the wolves who slake
Their month-whet thirst. No captives — none !
We die or win ! But should we die,
The lopped-off arm will wave on high
The broken brand to hail the sun !

THE GIANT IN GLEE.

HO, warriors ! I was reared in the land of the Gauls ;
O'er the Rhine my ancestors came bounding
like balls

Of the snow at the Pole, where, a babe, I was bathed
Ere in bear and in walrus skin I was enswathed.

Then my father was strong, whom the years lowly
bow, —

A bison could wallow in the grooves of his brow.
He is weak, very old — he can scarcely uprear
A young pine-tree for staff since his legs cease to bear ;

But here 's to replace him ! I can toy with his axe ;
As I sit on the hill my feet swing in the flax,
And my knee caps the bowlders and troubles the trees
How they shiver, yea, quake if I happen to sneeze !

I was still but a springald when, cleaving the Alps,
I brushed snowy periwigs off granitic scalps,

And my head, o'er the pinnacles, stopped the fleet
clouds,
Where I captured the eagles and caged them by crowds.

There were tempests! I blew them back unto their
source,
And put out their lightnings! More than once in a
course,
Through the ocean I went wading after the whale,
And stirred up the bottom as did never a gale.

Fond of rambling, I hunted the shark 'long the beach,
And no osprey in ether soared out of my reach;
And the bear that I pinched 'twixt my finger and
thumb,
Like the lynx and the wolf, perished harmless and
dumb.

But these pleasures of childhood have lost all their
zest;
It is warfare and carnage that now I love best.
The sounds that I wish to awaken and hear
Are the cheers raised by courage, the shrieks due to
fear,

When the riot of flames, ruin, smoke, steel, and blood
Announces an army rolls along as a flood,
Which I follow, to harry the clamorous ranks,
Sharp-goading the laggards and pressing the flanks,
Till, a thresher 'mid ripest of corn, up I stand
With an oak for a flail in my unflagging hand.

Rise the groans ! rise the screams ! on my feet fall vain
tears
As the roar of my laughter redoubles their fears.
I am naked. At armour of steel I should joke ;
True, I 'm helmed, — a brass pot you could draw with
ten yoke.

I look for no ladder to invade the king's hall, —
I stride o'er the ramparts, and down the walls fall,
Till choked are the ditches with the stones, dead and
quick,
Whilst the flagstaff I use 'midst my teeth as a pick.

Oh, when cometh my turn to succumb like my prey,
May brave men my body snatch away from th' array
Of the crows ; may they heap on the rocks till they
loom
Like a mountain, befitting a colossus' tomb !

THE CYMBALEER'S BRIDE.

“MY lord the Duke of Brittany
Has summoned his barons bold;
Their names make a fearful litany.
Among them you will not meet any
But men of giant mould, —

“Proud earls who dwell in donjon-keep,
And steel-clad knight and peer,
Whose forts are girt with a moat cut deep,
But none excel in soldiership
My own loved cymbaleer.

“Clashing his cymbals, forth he went,
With a bold and gallant bearing;
Sure for a captain he was meant,
To judge his pride with courage blent,
And the cloth-of-gold he 's wearing.

“But in my soul since then I feel
A fear in secret creeping;

And to my patron saint I kneel,
That she may recommend his weal
 To his guardian-angel's keeping.

“ I ’ve begged our abbot Bernardine
 His prayers not to relax ;
And to procure him aid divine
I ’ve burned upon Saint Gilda’s shrine
 Three pounds of virgin wax.

“ Our Lady of Loretto knows
 The pilgrimage I ’ve vowed :
‘ To wear the scallop I propose,
If health and safety from the foes
 My lover be allowed.’

“ No letter — fond affection’s gage ! —
 From him could I require,
The pain of absence to assuage ;
A vassal-maid can have no page,
 A liegeman has no squire.

“ This day will witness, with the duke’s,
 My cymbaleer’s return :
Gladness and pride beam in my looks,

Delay my heart impatient brooks,
All meaner thoughts I spurn.

‘ Back from the battle-field elate
His banner brings each peer ;
Come, let us see, at the ancient gate,
The martial triumph pass in state, —
With the princes my cymbaleer.

“ We ’ll have from the rampart walls a glance
Of the air his steed assumes ;
His proud neck swells, his glad hoofs prance,
And on his head unceasing dance,
In a gorgeous tuft, red plumes !

“ Be quick, my sisters ! dress in haste !
Come, see him bear the bell,
With laurels decked, with true love graced,
While in his bold hands, fitly placed,
The bounding cymbals swell !

“ Mark well the mantle that he ’ll wear,
Embroidered by his bride !
Admire his burnished helmet’s glare,
O’ershadowed by the dark horsehair
That waves in jet folds wide !

“ The gipsy (spiteful wench) foretold,
 With a voice like a viper hissing
(Though I had crossed her palm with gold),
That from the ranks a spirit bold
 Would be to-day found missing.

“ But I have prayed so much, I trust
 Her words may prove untrue ;
Though in a tomb the hag accurst
Muttered, ‘ Prepare thee for the worst ! ’
 Whilst the lamp burnt ghastly blue.

“ My joy her spells shall not prevent.
 Hark ! I can hear the drums !
And ladies fair from silken tent
Peep forth, and every eye is bent
 On the cavalcade that comes.

“ Pikemen, dividing on both flanks,
 Open the pageantry ;
Loud, as they tread, their armour clanks,
And silk-robed barons lead the ranks, —
 The pink of gallantry !

“ In scarves of gold the priests admire ;
 The heralds on white steeds ;

Armorial pride decks their attire,
Worn in remembrance of some sire
Famed for heroic deeds.

“Feared by the Paynim’s dark divan,
The Templars next advance ;
Then the tall halberds of Lausanne,
Foremost to stand in battle van
Against the foes of France.

“Now hail the duke, with radiant brow,
Girt with his cavaliers ;
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of his foe. Look, sisters, now !
Here come the cymbaleers !”

She spoke — with searching eye surveyed
Their ranks — then, pale, aghast,
Sunk in the crowd ! Death came in aid —
’T was mercy to that loving maid.
The cymbaleers had past !

THE FAY AND THE PERI.

THE PERI.

BEAUTIFUL spirit, come with me
Over the blue enchanted sea.

Morn and evening thou canst play
In my garden, where the breeze
Warbles through the fruity trees;
No shadow falls upon the day.
There thy mother's arms await
Her cherished infant at the gate.
Of Peris I the loveliest far.
My sisters near the morning-star
In ever youthful bloom abide,
But pale their lustre by my side.
A silken turban wreaths my head,
Rubies on my arms are spread,
While sailing slowly through the sky,
By the uplooker's dazzled eye
Are seen my wings of purple hue,
Glittering with Elysian dew.

Whiter than a far-off sail
My form of beauty glows,
Fair as on a summer night
Dawns the sleep-star's gentle light,
And fragrant as the early rose
That scents the green Arabian vale,
Soothing the pilgrim as he goes.

THE FAY.

Beautiful infant (said the Fay),
In the region of the sun
I dwell, where in a rich array
The clouds encircle the king of day,
His radiant journey done.
My wings, pure golden, of radiant sheen
(Painted as amorous poet's strain),
Glimmer at night, when meadows green
Sparkle with the perfumed rain
While the sun's gone to come again.
And clear my hand as stream that flows;
And sweet my breath as air of May;
And o'er my ivory shoulders stray
Locks of sunshine; tunes still play
From my odorous lips of rose.

Follow, follow ! I have caves
Of pearl beneath the azure waves,
And tents all woven pleasantly
In verdant glades of Faëry.
Come, beloved child, with me,
And I will bear thee to the bowers
Where clouds are painted o'er like flowers,
And pour into thy charmèd ear
Songs a mortal may not hear, —
Harmonies so sweet and ripe
As no inspired shepherd's pipe
E'er breathed into Arcadian glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men.

THE PERI.

My home is afar in the bright Orient,
Where the sun, like a king, in his orange tent
Reigneth forever in gorgeous pride ;
And wafting thee, princess of rich countree,
To the soft flute's lush melody,
My golden vessel will gently glide,
Kindling the water 'long the side.

Vast cities are mine of power and delight, —
Lahore laid in lilies, Golconda, Cashmere,

And Ispahan, dear to the pilgrim's sight ;
And Bagdad, whose towers to heaven uprear ;
Alep, that pours on the startled ear,
From its restless masts the gathering roar,
As of ocean hamm'ring at night on the shore.

Mysore is a queen on her stately throne,
Thy white domes, Medina, gleam on the eye ;
Thy radiant kiosques with their arrowy spires,
Shooting afar their golden fires
Into the flashing sky,
Like a forest of spears that startle the gaze
Of the enemy with the vivid blaze.

Come there, beautiful child, with me !
Come to the arcades of Araby,
To the land of the date and the purple vine,
Where pleasure her rosy wreaths doth twine,
And gladness shall be alway thine ;
Singing at sunset next thy bed,
Strewing flowers under thy head.

Beneath a verdant roof of leaves,
Arching a flow'ry carpet o'er,
Thou mayst list to lutes on summer eves

Their lays of rustic freshness pour,
While upon the grassy floor
Light footsteps, in the hour of calm,
Ruffle the shadow of the palm.

THE FAY.

Come to the radiant homes of the blest,
Where meadows like fountain in light are drest,
And the grottoes of verdure never decay,
And the glow of the August dies not away.
Come where the autumn winds never can sweep,
And the streams of the woodland steep thee in sleep,
Like a fond sister charming the eyes of a brother,
Or a little lass lulled on the breast of her mother.
Beautiful! beautiful! hasten to me!
Coloured with crimson thy wings shall be;
Flowers that fade not thy forehead shall twine,
Over thee sunlight that sets not shall shine.

The infant listened to the strain,
Now here, now there, its thoughts were driven.
But the Fay and the Peri waited in vain;
The soul soared above such a sensual gain, —
The child rose to heaven.

OH, WHY NOT BE HAPPY?

OH, why not be happy this bright summer day
'Mid perfume of roses and newly mown hay?
Great Nature is smiling, the birds in the air
Sing love-lays together, and all is most fair.

Then why not be happy
This bright summer day
'Mid perfume of roses
And newly mown hay?

The streamlets they wander through meadows so fleet,
Their music enticing fond lovers to meet;
The violets are blooming and nestling their heads
In richest profusion on moss-coated beds.

Then why not be happy
This bright summer day
When Nature is fairest
And all is so gay?

ONCE MORE TO THEE.

FOR thee, my love, for thee I tune my lyre ;
With Hymen's song thou dost my soul inspire.
What other name with rapture fills my mind ?
No other song, no other path, I find.

It is thy look that makes my darkness light,
It is thine image makes my dreams so bright.
Fearless I walk through shades, my hand in thine,
For from thine eyes celestial glories shine.

Thy gentle prayer my destiny shall keep,
And safely watch me should mine angel sleep.
When thy voice soft, yet proud, my heart doth thrill,
It sends me forth life's duties to fulfil.

A voice from heaven shall claim thee for its own,
Blooming in earthly fields, a flower unknown ;
A virgin pure, to heaven thy soul belongs,
Reflects its fires, and echoes all its songs.

If thou entrance me with thy soft, dark eye,
If thy robe brush me lightly passing by,
I seem to touch the Temple's sacred veil,
And say with Tobit to the angel, "Hail!"

When on my sorrows thou hast shed thy light,
I know *my* fate must with *thy* fate unite,
As some good priest, worn with his journey home,
Sees a fair maiden to the fountain come.

Thee, like some being far my life above,
Thee, like some prescient ancestress, I love,
Like some fond sister, whom my wants engage,
Like some last infant, sent to cheer mine age.

Thy name alone mine eyes with tears will fill, —
I weep since life is ever full of ill;
But its sad wild thy home can never be,
Thy place far hence 'neath some o'ershadowing tree.

May peace and joy be hers from trouble free!
For all her days belong, O Lord, to thee;
I pray thee bless her, for her faithful mind
In virtue seeks true happiness to find.

MOSES ON THE NILE.

[To the floral games, Toulouse, Feb. 10, 1820.]

“**S**ISTERS! the wave is freshest in the ray
Of the young morning; the reapers are asleep;
The river bank is lonely: come away!
The early murmurs of old Memphis creep
Faint on my ear; and here unseen we stray, —
Deep in the covert of the grove withdrawn, —
Save by the dewy eye-glance of the dawn.

“Within my father's palace, fair to see,
Shine all the arts, but, oh! this river-side,
Pranked with gay flowers, is dearer far to me
Than gold and porphyry vases bright and wide;
How glad in heaven the song-bird carols free!
Sweeter these zephyrs float than all the showers
Of costly odours in our royal bowers.

“The sky is pure, the sparkling stream is clear:
Unloose your zones, my maidens! and fling down
To float awhile upon these bushes near

Your blue transparent robes. Take off my crown,
And take away my jealous veil ; for here
To-day we shall be joyous while we lave
Our limbs amid the murmur of the wave.

“Hasten ! — But through the fleecy mists of morn,
What do I see ? Look ye along the stream !
Nay, timid maidens, we must not return !
Coursing along the current, it would seem
An ancient palm-tree to the deep sea borne,
That from the distant wilderness proceeds,
Downwards, to view our wondrous pyramids.

“But stay ! if I may surely trust mine eye, —
It is the bark of Hermes, or the shell
Of Iris, wafted gently to the sighs
Of the light breeze along the rippling swell.
But, no ! it is a skiff where sweetly lies
An infant slumbering, and his peaceful rest
Looks as if pillowed on his mother's breast.

“He sleeps — Oh, see ! his little floating bed
Swims on the mighty river's fickle flow,
A white dove's nest ; and there at hazard led
By the faint winds, and wandering to and fro,



Descente par Fouchard

Photographie Goupil & Co

The cot comes down ; beneath his quiet head
The gulfs are moving, and each threatening wave
Appears to rock the child upon a grave.

“He wakes — Ah, maids of Memphis ! haste, oh, haste !
He cries, alas ! What mother could confide
Her offspring to the wild and watery waste ?
He stretches out his arms, the rippling tide
Murmurs around him, where all rudely placed,
He rests but with a few frail reeds beneath,
Between such helpless innocence and death.

“Oh, take him up ! Perchance he is of those
Dark sons of Israel whom my sire proscribes ;
Ah, cruel was the mandate that arose
Against most guiltless of the stranger tribes !
Poor child ! my heart is yearning for his woes.
I would I were his mother ; but I ’ll give,
If not his birth, at least the claim to live.”

Thus Iphis spoke, — the royal hope and pride
Of a great monarch, — while her damsels nigh,
Wandered along the Nile’s meandering side ;
And these diminished beauties, standing by
The trembling mother, watching with eyes wide

Their graceful mistress, admired her as stood,
More lovely than the genius of the flood!

The waters broken by her delicate feet
Receive the eager wader, as alone
By gentlest pity led, she strives to meet
The wakened babe; and, see! the prize is won!
She holds the weeping burden with a sweet
And virgin glow of pride upon her brow,
That knew no flush save modesty's till now.

Opening with cautious hands the reedy couch,
She brought the rescued infant slowly out
Beyond the humid sands; at her approach
Her curious maidens hurried round about
To kiss the new-born brow with gentlest touch,
Greeting the child with smiles, and bending nigh
Their faces o'er his large, astonished eye.

Haste thou who, from afar, in doubt and fear,
Dost watch, with straining eyes, the fated boy,
The loved of heaven! Come like a stranger near,
And clasp young Moses with maternal joy;
Nor fear the speechless transport and the tear
Will e'er betray thy fond and hidden claim,
For Iphis knows not yet a mother's name!

With a glad heart, and a triumphal face,
The princess to the haughty Pharaoh led
The humble infant of a hated race,
Bathed with the bitter tears a parent shed ;
While loudly pealing round the holy place
Of Heaven's white Throne, the voice of angel choirs
Intoned the theme of their undying lyres !

“ No longer mourn thy pilgrimage below.
O Jacob ! let thy tears no longer swell
The torrent of the Egyptian river. Lo !
Soon on the Jordan's banks thy tents shall dwell,
And Goshen shall behold thy people go,
Despite the power of Egypt's law and brand,
From their sad thrall to Canaan's promised land.

“ The King of Plagues, the Chosen of Sinai,
Is he that, o'er the rushing waters driven,
A vigorous hand hath rescued for the sky ;
Ye whose proud hearts disown the ways of heaven !
Attend, be humble ! for its power is nigh.
Israel, a cradle shall redeem thy worth ;
A cradle yet shall save the widespread earth ! ”

THE SYLPH.

THOU, whom within these happy walls, like dream
of sylph art seeming,

Behind the lighted window-pane my longing eyes
can see.

O maiden, open to me, for I hear the night-bird
screaming ;

The darkness round about me is with wan ghosts filled
and teeming,

And souls of dead men gibber in their vap'rous robes
at me.

Sweet virgin, I'm no pilgrim, who from distant land
returning

Has come to tell my story in thy little shell-like ear,
Nor a paladin for conquest and for deeds of prowess
yearning,

Whose bugle-horn awakes the morn to set your heart
a-burning

With a war-cry which the fair ones hear with
mingled love and fear.

My hand holds neither staff nor lance within its empty
fingers,

Nor do I wear the knight's long hair, nor pilgrim's
silver beard.

I have no humble rosary, nor sword that never lingers ;

And if I blew a bugle-blast the merry minnesingers

At the feeble sound extracted would have laughed
at me and jeered.

I'm a sylph, an airy being, who is less than poet's
dreaming,

Son of the nascent springtide, and a child of rising
morn,

A guest of cosey hearth-fire when the winter clouds are
streaming,

A spirit that the light shows on the pearly dew-drop
gleaming,

A dweller in the ether, of all visibleness shorn.

This eve a happy couple were with solemn voices
talking

Of that eternal flame which burns within the human
breast.

I stayed my flight to listen. Ere they started home-
ward walking,

They kissed, and caught my wing, and thus my further
progress balking,

They kept me till 't was far too late to seek my rose
and rest.

Alas! alas! my rose is closed, I may not reach my
dwelling.

Oh, open to me, Châtelaine! take pity upon me!
Receive a child of sunshine, for the night-fog's up-
ward welling!

Within your bed I'll lie so light, my presence never
telling,

You'd waken and you'd wonder where this little
sylph could be.

My brothers all have followed with the light that has
departed,

Or the tears of night which softly all the blades of
grass bedew;

For them their horrid chalices, the lilies, kindly
hearted,

Have opened, but alas, alas! my efforts have been
thwarted,

And now my hopes are centred, Lady Châtelaine, in
you.

Oh, listen to me, maiden ; of the night-tide I am fearful

Lest it close me in its shadow, as if in a monster net,
Among phantoms white and pallid, among ghosts that
are uncheerful,
Among demons hell can't number, but of which it's
nearly full,
And the owls which haunt the graveyards, and with
things more horrid yet.

This is the very moment when the solemn dead are
dancing

With faltering foot, while over them the pale moon
shows its face ;
And the hideous vampire round him with a horrid
glare is glancing,
As he sees the trembling sexton who is towards him
slow advancing,
Whom he draws into an open grave with fiendish-
like grimace.

Now, dwarfs all black and hideous, with powder and
with ashes,
Like gnomes descend in hundreds to their deep and
soundless pit.

The sprite of style fantastic o'er the rushes darts and
flashes ;
And the burning salamander on the fresh wave sports
and splashes,
While bluish flames arise around, and o'er the waters
flit.

Only fancy if a dead man, his lone weariness to lighten,
Should enclose me in his funeral urn, alone among
his bones ;
Or if some necromancer, thinking I his cell might
brighten,
Should entice me to his tower, where the midnight
sounds would frighten,
And should link me to his belfry with its sad, ill-
omened tones.

Oh, let your window open ! If away I now am driven,
I must seek for some old bed of moss where low the
lizards lie,
Where, if I dare disturb them, into pieces I'll be riven,
Oh, open ! for my words are soft like those by lover
given
So gently to his mistress, and a pure light fills mine
eye.

And then I am so pretty! If you could but see my
pinions

As they tremble in the daylight, so transparent and
so frail!

I've the brightness of the lily of the land of the Vir-
ginians;

And the roses are my sisters, but they also are my
minions,

And they quarrel for my radiance and the perfume
I exhale.

I should like as in a happy dream to place myself be-
fore ye,

Quite close to you (my sylphide recollects it very
well).

The butterflies have heaviness, and humming-birds no
glory,

When clad in gorgeous raiment, like a king in Eastern
story,

I visit all my palaces, — the flow'rs wherein I dwell.

I am cold, and vainly weeping, for the frost is very
chilling;

If only I could offer you a bribe your home to ope!

To give my golden corolls and my dew-drop I'd be
willing ;

But I, alas ! have nothing, so my anguish is me killing,
For each sunshine gives and robs me, too, of what
might make me hope.

What will you that, while sleeping, I should bring you
as a present ?

A fairy's scarf ? or pinion of an angel from above ?
Your night I will make lovely, ere the pale moon hides
her crescent,

With thoughts of what the day will bring of all that's
bright and pleasant,
And beauteous dreams of heaven will pass to softer
dreams of love.

O virgin, do you fear lest in the gloom of night per-
fidious

The voice that now is speaking might the Châtelaine
deceive ?

That the wand'ring sylph is trying by a stratagem in-
sidious

To betray a gentle maiden ? Nay, the very thought is
hideous !

If I had but a shadow I would flee it, I believe.

He wept ; but all at once before the ancient bell was
pealing,

There came a voice — a ghost, no doubt — that
spoke in quiet way ;

And forth upon the balcony a lady's form came
stealing,

But what she said, or what she did, there's no means
of revealing,

Or if she let her lover in, there's none of us can say.

A FAIRY.

CALL my fairy what you will,
Urgèle, or Morgana, still
I would have her in a dream,
All transparent though she seem,
Come to me with drooping head,
Like a flower that's well-nigh dead.

Musically, from the strings
Of her ivory lute she brings
Back to me the wondrous store
Which the paladins of yore
From their history could unfold, —
Wilder than the tales they told.

She it is who brings me near
To the things I should revere ;
At her bidding I am bound
On the well-tuned harp to sound
All a minstrel's love-songs bright,
With the gauntlet of a knight.

In the desert when I stray,
From my loved home far away,
Hiding there herself I find,
Making ever in my mind,
From each sunbeam love's bright flame,
From each echo some dear name.

Hark ! she murmurs in the shock
Of the wild wave on the rock ;
She to please me with a gift
Doth the silvered stork uplift,
Singing with its plumage white,
From the belfry's topmost height.

When my winter log is lit
By the chimney-side she'll sit,
And will show my wondering gaze
In the sky a meteor's blaze,
Which will shine out and then die,
Like a slumberer's drowsy eye.

When the cradle of my race
In our ancient haunts I trace,
With a thousand forms of fear
She enshrouds me far and near,

Like a cataract of sound
In the caverns underground.

If at night I sleepless lie,
She will soothing thoughts supply, —
Thoughts of chase and baying hound,
Mellowed by the distant sound,
Echoes of the bugle played
In the depths of forest glade.

THE SONG OF THE CIRCUS.

HAIL, mighty Cæsar! of all worlds the lord,
Which, as if moving with one sole accord,
Have crept with all submission to thy feet,
To serve thy pleasures and thy joys complete.
Hail! scion of Augustus' mighty line,
Hail! more than mortal, godlike and divine.
“Hail, Cæsar!” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Cæsar alone, who in his princely home
Can glut with human gore the gods of Rome.
Death is a guest at all his solemn feasts;
He scourges the earth in search of monstrous beasts.
Hyrcanian tigers grappling stand
With northern bears on bloodstained sand.
“Hail, Cæsar!” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Statues of bronze and urns of marble rear;
Gay flags which lightly dally with the air

Adorn the walls of that most fatal field,
Where taint of blood to sweet perfume must yield ;
For nowadays the Romans' fond desire
Is to scent carnage mixed with incense fire.

“ Hail, Cæsar ! ” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Now creak the gates as they are opened wide,
And onward moves the flowing human tide,
Like some vast river which has burst its bounds ;
The circus with a noisy din resounds.
In their dark dens the savage panthers quake ;
As sovereign lords the mob their places take.

“ Hail, Cæsar ! ” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Their snow-white seats the ediles now have ta'en,
And plaudits thunder to the skies again ;
As in a mimic lake the river-horse
And sealy crocodile pursue their course,
Five hundred lions chorus loud the song
Of Vesta's maids who round her altar throng.

“ Hail, Cæsar ! ” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

With wanton eye and scarcely hidden breast,
The brazen courtesan stands out confessed,
Forming a contrast in her gay attire
To those sweet maids who watch by Vesta's fire ;
Patrons and nobles clad in purple dress,
Count off their clients in the mighty press.

“ Hail, Cæsar ! ” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

And now, at the stern tribune's hoarse command,
The guards ascend the throne, take up their stand ;
The priests of Cybele her praises sing,
Whilst the poor Indians in a dusky ring
Intone a strange, weird chant with failing breath,
And wait the coming of a certain death.

“ Hail, Cæsar ! ” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Now to the heavens arise discordant yells,
As a fresh band the full arena swells ;
Captives of war from far across the seas,
Whose cruel death the Roman mob will please,
Branded and seared by iron and by fire,
Brought here to sate great Cæsar's proud desire.

“ Hail, Cæsar ! ” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

The Jew bowed down as if with hidden shame,
The Gaul whose smiling face reveals his name,
The Nazarene who scorns both spear and brand,
And with calm patience waits the slayer's hand,
Form the small crowd that now await the death,
Their life-spans hanging upon Cæsar's breath.

“Hail, Cæsar!” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Soon shall the spearman guard be drawn away,
And the wild beasts devour their living prey.
The purple awning then is stretched on high,
To hide the burning brightness of the sky,
That so the clement emperor may view
All acted 'neath him in a softer hue.

“Hail, Cæsar!” those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

THE BLACK BAND.

PART I.

O WALLS, O battlements, O towers,
O bridge-spanned moat and ramparts grim,
O mighty piles of slender columns,
Frowning keeps, and convents dim ;
Dusty cloisters, grey and hoary,
Olden, crumbling, silent, calm ;
Vaulted aisles, which once re-echoed
Joyous revel, holy psalm ;
Altars where our mothers sought
The God for whom our fathers fought ;

Porches which inflame our pride ;
Domes of God and courts of kings ;
Temples where our treasured banners
Spread their ragged, smoke-stained wings ;
Bowers of love, triumphal arches ;
Regal splendours, mute and vast ;
Shrines and monasteries, dungeons,
Relics of a mighty past ;
Hoary faues, of mysteries full,
And splendours that grow never dull ;

Ruins of France which our affection
Strives, alas ! in vain to save ;
Spots where honour found a shelter,
Where the honoured found a grave ;
Stones which Time with ruthless heel
Tramples into dust again ;
Footprints of an infant people ;
Homes of pleasure and of pain ;
Vestiges of races dead,
A sacred stream dried in its bed, —

Oft in thought I've heard thy heroes
Say farewell before the fray,
Oft within thy ruined temples
Shone a bright celestial ray.
Then my wandering footsteps followed
Traces of thy great unknown, —
Haughty warriors, whose daring
Turned their shield into a throne.
And I listened overcast
For some whispers from the past.

Then my too aspiring muse,
Intoxicate with sudden dreams,
Girds the warlike steel cuirass,
Whose burnished front so brightly gleams,

Dons with pride the knightly scarf,
Grasps a sword all red with rust,
Robs the trophied corridor
That sleeps beneath its mantling dust,
Urges on to lightning speed,
With spurs of gold, a wingless steed.

I love the château, and the path
Which hides its wanderings in the wood,
The gate whose arch is buried deep
Beneath its airy Gothic hood;
I love too the funereal birds
Which crowd the gabled roof by night,
Upraising their sepulchral voices,
Circling in their giddy flight —
Black battalions they — and sweep
Around the turrets of the keep.

I love the ivy-mantled tower
Whence sounds the solemn vesper bell,
And o'er the silent place of tombs
Stands like a faithful sentinel;
The old stone cross with broken steps,
Where weary travellers love to rest;
The battlemented citadel

That guards the valley, peaceful, blest,
And over all its shadows lay
Like some gigantic bird of prey.

I love the keep, the marble court
Where clarions sound across the lea,
The Gothic halls where knights of old
Have laid aside their panoply.
The painted casement blazing out
Upon the starless ebon night,
The chilly vaults where rest the brave,
Oblivious of the ages' flight, —
Where rest the steel-clad braves who sleep,
While men rejoice and women weep.

Under towering forest domes,
Arch and pillar bend their head
Babbling fountains seem to tell
Legends of the mighty dead.
Wandering goats dislodge the stones,
Stones of feudal strongholds rude.
Up on high the soaring eagle
Rears her callow, hungry brood,
And the swallows hide their nest
Upon the turret's lofty crest.

Like this passage-bird has swept
From earliest times, with pinions free,
The poet searching all that speaks
To him of days of chivalry ;
Ruins so dear, sweet France, to thee,
Glory dwells within their walls,
And the grim majestic heroes
Crowding through thy sacred halls,
If they are but shades of yore
Are shades of giants evermore.

Men of France, who love her shrines,
Your God will bless in every age
The son who in the days of terror
Saves his fore-sires' heritage ;
See in every fallen stone
A glory stolen from your walls ;
Bid Time restrain his blighting hand,
Bring back to France her ancient Gauls ;
Give memory back her spreading wings
And her old courts to her young kings.

THE BLACK BAND.

PART II.

Hushed be the lyre poetical, hushed the æolian harp-
strings,

Leaving these glorious relics in peace to their moulder-
ing slumber

Deep in an ageless gulf, where no friendly tear will
bedew them,

Where no pitying glance can rest on their perishing
fragments.

Crumble, ye ruins so grand, made holy by Time's con-
secration !

Witnesses ye of a past which the present cares only to
outrage ;

Shake off the dust of your feet on a people unworthy
to claim you,

Cease to watch over a camp plunged deep in slumber
eternal ;

Or since the march of our time must ever be hastening
onward,

Should we not proudly remember that still there linger
among us

Those that with valour unrivalled have dragged out
kings from their coffins,
And who, arraigning the dead, have sat in judgment
upon them ?
Honour the bravest of brave ! whom nor Sparta, nor
Rome in their glory
Ever could venture to vie with, for these have tri-
umphed o'er tombstones ;
Bones they have broken, and scattered to every quarter
of heaven ;
Tombs they have rifled, and crowned themselves with
the glory of conquest.

Whence did they gain for their deeds of daring such
bold inspiration ?
Was it the " nothing " they found after so much labour
and trouble,
When as a natural sequence on earth made they sep-
ulchres empty,
Seeing their efforts already in heaven had spread deso-
lation ?
Deeming respect for the dead as naught but an old
fascination,
Fearlessly laid they the axe to the root of some young
reputation ;

Thus did they venture to think, with a courage sublime
in its grandeur,
That in destroying the tombs they might possibly van-
quish a cradle.

Now let them come in their thousands, in crowds rush
eagerly forward, —

Welcome these valiant soldiers, who never have known
any warfare ;

Let them undauntedly meet with foes well worthy
their prowess ;

Here there are tottering walls, and there there are
castles in ruins.

Now they may fearlessly pass 'neath these gates which
stand open to all men,

And to these towers deserted lay siege without any
danger ;

Let them, however, beware that they rouse not the
ancient defenders,

For those shadows heroic would surely take them for
strangers.

Cut off from centuries past, *our* century wills to be
lonely :

Come, let us level these walls which have offered to
time such resistance ;

Let there not rest upon earth any trace of the ages departed,

Just as we drive from our hearts of those times all thought and remembrance.

Our inheritance vast, and all encumbered with honours,
Forms a burden too heavy for people who live in the present ;

What does the past do for us, but cloy our hurrying footsteps ?

Out of the time the gods may grant, let us keep but the future.

Let us not hear any more in praise of our credulous fathers ;

They looked only at duty, but we have our rights to consider.

We have our virtues as well, for we can bring kings to the scaffold ;

We can assassinate priests, or shoot them down without mercy.

Ah, 't is, alas ! too true that France, in this age of misfortune,

Mourns her ancient honour, and hope, faith's humble attendant ;

Crime has virtue displaced, and even hidden its path-
way,
Just as the bramble effaces the steps of a temple aban-
doned.

Pity the sorrow of France, who, reft of her memory's
treasures,
Loses her majesty too, while her enemies triumphing
proudly,
Rend her vesture asunder ; her nakedness rousing their
laughter.
Let us not lightly regard a mother so cruelly outraged,
And while she weeps for her glory, 't is ours to console
her affliction.
Veiled from her view upon earth, let us sing of her
stars in the heaven ;
Ne'er shall our youthful Muse, when it faces vile
Anarchy's banner,
Cleanse off the stain of that dust with which ages de-
parted have marked it.

THE TWO ISLANDS.

I.

THERE are two isles in seas apart,
With half the wide round world between,
Which, like the heads of giants swart,
Frown forth upon the stormy scene.
And looking on their hill-tops bare
One feels that God has placed them there
For some mysterious plan unknown;
Their sides are with the lightnings scarred.
The ocean's foam their fields have marred,
They heave with dread volcanic groan.

These isles where ocean casts her spray
Upon the ruthless rocks so steep,
Seem like two pirate ships that sway
Forever anchored on the deep.
The hand that formed these islands twain
Upon the trackless stormy main,
Two specks 'mid sea and sky,
Perchance his task had thus-wise done,
That Buonaparte be born in one,
In one Napoleon die.

There was his cradle, there his grave !

These wondrous words shall still be told,
Till seas forget their shores to lave,

And suns and worlds have all grown old.
Unto those sad and dismal shores

At summons of his shade there pours

The stream of nations from afar ;
The bolts that rend the mountain's side,
The tempests on the deep that ride,
Seem as the trumpet-notes of war.

Far from the fear-distracted lands

Which shook in terror at his breath,
Upon these lonely sea-girt strands

God gave him birth and gave him death,
So that the earth might not betray
By quakings deep his natal day,
And publish it to all ;

So that his soul should pass in peace,
From warrior's bed to its release,
And yet no rocks should fall.

II.

What were his thoughts in youth's sweet, early prime ?
What were his musings at life's closing time,

As roamed his thoughts o'er all that maddening
dream?

Now could he feel the emptiness of fame,
The throne a bawble, glory but a name?

How vain and hollow doth ambition seem!

Even in his childish dreams had visions grown
Of war and victory and an emperor's throne.

He saw the eagles from his banners wave;
With ear prophetic, from the future years
The shouts and cries of subject tribes he hears,
And the loud war-songs of triumphant braves.

III.

Long live Napoleon! Let the shout resound!
'T was God himself his kingly brow who crowned;
With other kings for slaves, he reigns alone.
Kings sprung from hundred kings their homage pay,
And 'mid imperial Rome's palatiums grey

He plants his new-born infant's royal throne.

His eagles spread their pinions everywhere,
And to the trembling tribes his thunders bear.

He holds in bondage conclave and divan;
And with his blood-stained flags are oft-times seen
The crescent of the Turk, and glittering sheen
Of golden cross of haughty, brave Ivan.

The Egyptian bronzed, the Goth who knows not fear,
The warlike Pole with flame upon his spear, —

All aid to urge his wild ambitious dream ;
Their only law his will, their faith his fame,
And marching 'neath his flags, through flood or flame,
The weapons of a hundred nations gleam.

And to his chiefs he casts as guerdon due
A kingdom, principality or two ;
And monarchs round his gates their watches keep,
So that secure he rests in peaceful shade,
What time his sword is in its scabbard laid,
As fisherman among his nets may sleep.

His eyrie hath he built so far and high
He seems to dwell within the peaceful sky,
Where storms can never reach, nor tempests spread.
Though underneath his feet the clouds are riven,
The thunders in their courses in the heaven
Cannot assail his angel-guarded head.

IV.

At last the bolt flew upward ; driven forth
He flashing falls upon our common earth.
The petty kings their foe reward, —

They cage, enchain him in that lonely land ;
And earth and air the fallen monarch hand
To ocean's surer ceaseless guard.

Oh, how he loathed those idle, listless days,
When at the sunset hour with envious gaze
He watched the sun's declining rays !
And when alone and sad he paced the beach,
Till rudely breaks his dream some jailer's speech,
Which calls him back to that sad place.
With unavailing wrath now Victory's lord
Heard blame from those who just before adored
And worshipped him as if a god.
Nations cried out for vengeance, and the din
Awoke the echoes of the heart within,
And scourged his soul as 't were with chastening rod.

v.

Hate, curses, vengeance, maledictions sore,
From heaven and earth in one vast flood outpour ;
Now see we low the great colossus bent,
Oh, may he e'er regret, alive or dead,
The bitter tears he caused the world to shed,
And all the priceless blood for him was spent.

Po, Tiber, Seine, the Volga, and the walls
Of Moorish palaces and Gothic halls,
Taffa and Moscow, burnt without a sigh,
From blood-stained fields his fatal, fearsome name
In thundering accents echoing back exclaim,
“Him do the slaughtered nations curse!” they cry.

Around him he may see his ghostly foes.
In sad procession the dread army goes,
Dumb with the secrets of the silent tomb,
On limping limbs all bruised black, and broke
By murderous cannon and the sabre's stroke,
Making a hell of his foul prison home.

There let him live and die, from day to day;
His proud ambition let it there decay,
Until the world almost forgets his fame.
That hand that oft has dragged a monarch down,
Now with its fetters is aweary grown,
And in the ocean wide is sunk his name.

A new immortal name he hoped to found,
Like that of Rome, which held the whole world bound;
But God his torch blew out with quenching breath,
And to great Caesar's rival only leaves

The time, the span, that each man here receives
Before he fills the narrow cell of death.

When men forget, the ocean still shall lave
Round St. Helena his wild rock-girt grave !

In vain within St. Denis' kingly halls
He reared a tomb with gold and sculpture dight ;
God did not choose that mausoleum bright,
Nor fix his grave within these massive walls.

VI.

How sad the empty cup, the vanished dream how sad,
Begun in blissful joy but changed to nightmare mad !

When young our reason yields to Hope's too flattering
tale ;
But older grown we loathe the sweets our spirits sought,
And looking on our life, by sad experience taught,
"Too late, too late !" we wail.

So pants th' adventurous heart at foot of mountain
height,

Its dizzy cliffs so fill the heart with fierce delight,
The towering crags that ne'er shall fall, defying time,
The woods that like a mantle clothe its slopes, on high
The clouds which like a crowd around its summit lie,
And hide its head sublime.

Through clouds and fogs he strays who thinks to reach
the sky,

And on the mountain-path his mazy way would try.

From upland heights the scene is changed beneath
your feet, —

'T is now a chasm drear, obscured by forests deep,
Where the dread thunder's track is seen, and raging
torrents leap,

And gulfs the vision greet.

VII.

Glory's mirage here we view,

Like prism sparkling fair and bright,

And then anon with blood-red hue

Its ever changeful moods are dight.

Now heavenward raised, now downward thrown,

His life in twofold form is shown ;

Two records can be read by all,

If we his youth or age would see, —

In youth his name was Victory,

In age he mused upon his fall

In these two isles the fisherman

With fear assailed, on winter's night,

'Mid meteor stars, with aspect wan

Lays down his nets in sad affright.

His fancy sees the chief of yore
In shadow stand on yonder shore,
 With folded arms and kingly form,
And thinks that the unsettled soul
Will now the ocean waves control,
 As once he ruled the battle storm.

VIII.

Although an empire lost, two isles he still shall own,
Glorious or shameful made by his repute alone, —
 One where his breath was given, the other where
 't was ta'en ;
That name, which oft has held the trembling nations
 bound,
Shall still from sea to sea within these islands sound
 While rock and cliff doth still remain.

So shoots the fiery shell by murderous mortar thrown,
Which through the murky sky its blazing course has run ;
 One moment, charged with death, it hangs o'er
 frighted town,
And then, like vulture swooping on its prey,
With outstretched wings and talons cruel to slay,
 In wreck and ruin hurls it down.

From the vast mortar's mouth dark vapours long time
pour,
Whence rose, with rush of fire and sudden deafening roar,
The deadly, ponderous globe, which mounted but to
fall ;
And where the shattered shell in scattered fragments lies,
And, dealing death around, in belching flames it dies,
And night and silence cover all.



TO A YOUNG GIRL.

YOU, who not yet can childhood's beauty tell —
Child ! envy not our grief-encumber'd years.
When hearts are now enslaved, and now rebel,
When laughter oft is sadder than your tears.

So sweet your careless age, its memories fade ;
It passes like a breath upon the breeze,
Like a glad voice by distance weaker made,
Or like a halcyon on the seas

Oh, hasten not to force your artless mind ;
 Enjoy the morn, enjoy life's vernal prime.
Your days are flowers, one to the other twined ;
 Pluck not the leaves before the hand of Time.

Let the years flow ; like ours will be your lot, —
 To know regrets and friendship's hollow ties,
Grief without hope that pride avouches not,
 And pleasures we despise.

Yes, laugh, unknowing that your mirth will cease ;
 Laugh, nor your lovely brow with sorrow shade
Your blue eyes, glass of innocence and peace,
 Where beams your soul with heavenly radiance glad.

THE DANCE OF DEMONS.

SEE, before the dark walls of this black cloistered
hall

The moon veils her face with a mystical pall;
The spirit of Night hovers, Fear spreads her wings,
And twelve from the belfry in solemn tone rings;
In the air the sound vibrates and echoes around,
As if 'neath the bell were imprisoned the sound.
The silence returns with the shadows. But, hark!
Who utters those cries? Whence those lights through
the dark?

The vaults and the gates and the tower and the spire
All seem to be covered with network of fire;
And we hear in the porch the blessed water begin
To boil and to bubble, its stone font within!
Our souls to our patrons in heaven we commend.
Amid the blue rays which with red flames contend
With cries and with howls, and with sighings profound,
See from waters and mountains, and woods all around,
The spectres, the dragons, the vampires, the ghouls,
Monsters such as in nightmares of hell one beholds!

The sorceress flying from fresh emptied tomb
On broomstick which hisses through midnight of gloom;
The wizards arrayed in their mystic attire,
On their crowns words of sorcery written in fire;
The grim-looking demons and mischievous gnomes,
All, by broken-down gateways, by old ruined domes,
And by windows all shattered, pour into the fane,
Like a thousand of meteors, and swell the mad train.
Upright in their midst their Prince Lucifer stands,
His horn'd brow concealed 'neath the crown's iron
 bands;
His chasuble hides his diaphanous wings,
On the altar with foot sacrilegious he springs.
Oh, horror! behold those who shout in this place,
Where eternally fixed is the light of God's face.
Now hands embrace hands, and with leap and with
 bound,
Like a whirlwind destructive the wild dance goes
 round,
Till the eye can no longer its movements discern.
Each hideous goblin appears in its turn
(One imagines that hell is let loose in the night;
With funereal signs the dread zodiac is dight),
All in unison moving with swift-circling feet,
While Satan keeps time with his crosier's beat,

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

We are forced to unite
With the eddying ring;
Round the altar they swing,
Round Satan their king,
In their fiendish delight.
'Tis a moment of dread;
A flame seems to spread
On his wings, like the red
Of a king's raiment bright;

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Yes, in triumph we leap!
Come, brothers, draw near!
From all points of the sphere,
From the grave and the bier,
And tombs dark and deep,
From the cave's gloomy cell,
Come, our armies to swell;
See! escorted by hell
The cars, griffin-drawn, sweep!

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Come, banish all dread,
Come, dwarfs with goats' feet,
Ghouls and vampires replete
With unsanctified meat,
With the blood of the dead.
Women, lost and condemned,
Press forward, contend !
Your steeds eager bend
The bridleless head.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Jews, under God's blight,
Gipsies, vagrants accurst,
Ghosts from Hades out-thrust,
Maniacs who have burst
Their bonds in the night.
And the crest they bestride
Of the walls, on whose side
They fly up and alight.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Come, he-goats profane,
Come, lizards and snails,

Come, serpents with scales,
So fragile and frail,
Burst into the fane!
Let discord take wing,
With melodious swing,
Come, enter the ring,
And repeat the refrain.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

At this moment of dread
The sorcerers seem
To glitter and gleam,
Their reddened beards stream
With the blood of the dead.
Let every one throw
Some gift to the glow,
Crush the bones of the foe
'Neath our furious tread!

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

With loud sneering voice,
From the steps of the shrine,
Hear the fiend jeering whine,

Singing psalm-tunes divine,
In which martyrs rejoice !
In the chapel we see,
By Satanic decree,
An imp spelling with glee
The book of God's choice.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

From his tomb with sad moans
Each false monk to his stall
Glides, concealed in his pall,
That robe fatal to all,
Which burns into his bones.
Now a black priest draws nigh,
With a flame he doth fly ;
On the altar on high
He the cursed fire enthrones.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Satan sees you, aha !
With your coarse hands out-thrust,
In the midst of the dust.
Write then, witches accurst :

Abracadabra !
Fly, foul birds of dread,
With moulting wings spread,
Through the alcoves o'erhead,
Sustaining Smarra.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

See the signal appear !
And hell urges our flight.
May each soul in its plight
One day have no light
But this dim beacon here !
May our carnival sound
Through the shadows profound,
And the whole world surround
In an impious sphere !

The dawn whitens the arches colossal and grey,
And drives all the devilish revellers away ;
The dead monks retire to their graves 'neath the halls,
And veil their cold faces behind their dark palls.

EPITAPH.

O R old or young, or fool or wise,
You, like a cloud, who roam from skies to skies
At pleasure's instinct, or the call of need,
Why needless should you further speed ?
Think you, not here your journey's limit lies ?

Death, that o'er all his conquering foot doth place,
My splendour hides with vengeful shade,
Does e'en my name with spiteful veil efface ;
So that no more your curious eye can trace,
If 'midst my void your glories are displayed.

Wanderer like thee, I wandered on :
The stream flowed back to vanish at its source.
In silence rest thee on this broken stone,
Lay down awhile the weight that slacks thy course
I once a fardel had, and laid it down.

Would you repose ? and is it shade you crave ?
Prepared your couch ! no noise to make you fear.

If your frail bark is tossed on cloudy wave,
Come! here the rock; come, for the port is here!

Dost thou feel nothing here thy soul to thrill, —
Naught that surrounds thy feet with mystic spell?
Upon the home that claims thee still,
Do not thy name mysterious letters tell?

Each man a short-lived player, who scarce can learn
His part, or drunk with joy, or chill with fright,
In robe of king, or robe of beggar dight,
Takes for an hour upon the stage his turn.

Stamp not with heedless foot upon the dead, —
Their city you, like me, must dwell beneath.
Men, day by day, are pale and dying sped;
You cannot tell what hour shall bring your death.

Yet in my sight your heart is void of fear;
What then? You breathe no prayer, you heave no
sigh!

My nothingness appeals, — you lend no ear!
You pass! 'Tis well: what can this stone imply?
What hides the tomb, that should extort a tear?
Some dust it may, or some dry bones, supply, —
Naught haply, and eternity.

THE JOURNEY.

I.

THE horse his harness shakes, and makes it ring,
The wheels bright sparks from out the pavement fling ;

Now I must go ! Good-bye ; chase from your mind
All bitter fears — take heart — good-bye again !
What ! the car starts ? I go, and you remain ?
Alas ! I thought you left by chance behind.

Long time pursue it with attentive ear,
Go not away till sick and sad you hear
The clatter of the horse-hoofs fade and die ;
E'en now we're hid by intervening space, —
Your snowy dress I can no longer trace,
Nor you the wheels distinguish as they fly.

What ! left not e'en a sound, not e'en a shade ?
Absence its might upon my soul has laid ;
In deeper gloom I plunge each step I drive,
And in this hell, so full of bitter pain,
Of anguish, idle pangs, chimeras vain,
I buried am, and sink, and roam alive.

II.

What now am I to do with every thought ?
What with my brow, used to thy hand's support ?
 What do with all I hear, and all I see ?
With illness, wanting you, so hard to bear ?
With eyes which by your own illumined were,
 And voice which only served to answer thee ?

Upon each roadside tree my sight abides,
That now appears, now into shadow glides,
 Green woods, and harvests with their store of gold,
And mountains, and the sparkling evening-star,
And the shrill clocks, and cities that afar
 Grey lines of mist in the horizon fold.

What boot green woods, the harvest hills, and vines ?
And what the star that rises and declines,
 And plains and mountains, if to thee not shown ?
What profit castles and their ruined halls,
And moss-grown keep, unless their vacant halls
 Hear thy light footsteps run beside my own ?

While thus the next, and still the next day fly ;
Without thee I must see dawn wake and die,

Without thyself, thy smile, thy look so gay.
Musing, I hear thee not beside me tread,
Nor feel thy small soft hand, when raised my head,
Closing my waking eyes in play.

Yet must I send thee, though to grief a prey,
Some written happiness from day to day ;
Say, " Cheer thee up ! my calm is now restored,"
Whilst for my absent love I ever quail,
And fancying thousand ills thy life assail :
Each hour above my head is hung a sword.

III.

What dost thou now ? Beside the hearth, no doubt,
The map is spread, — your eye pursues my route ;
You say, " Where is he ? May each place supply
Kind service, and some heart that loves and cares, —
Some hostess like myself, who prays and fears
For some loved being 'neath a foreign sky !

Now fast he journeys on I'm sure by now
That far-off city he has travelled through,
That wood, that bridge, scene of some mighty deed ;

E'en now he may through that lone valley stray,
Marked by the fatal Cross, that speaks dismay,
Where but last year — Oh, may he safely speed !”

And then my father wipes your sparkling tear,
And, smiling, bids you coax your daughter dear.
“ Cheer up ! He soon again will see us all ;
He laughs, is happy, does this moment trace
Some ancient hero's tomb or dwelling-place,
Does for your safety at some altar call.”

IV.

Then the old warrior, whom your grief subdues,
Tells his wild life, and battle-fields reviews,
Those ancient fights in Italy and Spain,
That chief who wont the world in awe to keep, —
Lowering his voice lest he should rouse from sleep
The babe upon thy gentle bosom lain.

DREAMS.

I.

FAR from the city's pile,
Far from the kingly court,
Far from Rank's envious smile,
Far from the rabble vile,
There, friends, be my resort, —

Amid the fields that teach
Calm wisdom to the mind,
Or by some silent beach,
Where from the world can reach
Neither the wave nor wind ;

Some shelter lone and hoar,
Some refuge still and old,
Some port beside the shore,
Some nest the leaves stretch o'er,
Some house the woods enfold.

Let it be dark and sad,
And calm and wrapt in sleep,
With forest mantle clad,
In the silence and the shade,
Hid in recesses deep.

There above everything,
Faithful to every tie,
My Muse shall stretch her wing,
And now of flowers sing,
And now of mountains high.

And shall her daring fire,
Loose from all shackles be ;
Her flight shall never tire,
But higher soar and higher,
As a wild bird set free.

II.

Let me in dreams ascend
To heavens of love and shade,
And let them never end,
But night the vision lend,
That in the day was made.

And white as is the sail
I through the distance see,
Let it a starbeam pale
Disclose, to be a veil
Between my life and me.

And let the Muse still haste,
All bright my night to make,
And gild and make it last,
And from the vision vast,
Be fearful to awake.

Let all my thoughts be there,
In their best beauty found,
And sit with zealous care,
A choir all bright and rare,
Circling my hearth around.

And to my dream enchained,
Let them, with raptured eye,
Above its cradle bend,
As elder sisters tend
Their infant brother by.

III.

Faith dwells upon the seas,
And in the forests high,
There we can breathe at ease ;
No crushing weight have these,
To keep us from the sky.

There all is like a dream,
Each sound some truth avows ;
All speak, and singing seem,
On the bank from out the stream,
From the wind among the boughs.

It is a voice profound, —
Creation's total song ;
It is the globe's vast sound,
The world as it turns round
The heavenly space along.

It is the echo grand,
Wherein God's voice we know ;
Hymn of the seraph band,
Of the world calm and bland,
Where go all doomed to go.

Where can no cries affright,
Where sobs and tears withstood,
Soul does with soul unite,
As light is mixed with light,
And flood unites to flood.

IV.

There sounds sublime shall sweep
Each solitude along ;
Paris, in folly's sleep,
'Stead of these tongues that weep,
Gives us an idle song.

O ancient Brittany !
Oh, for your foam-dashed beach,
Your Celtic forests high,
With Gothic castles nigh !
Only I would beseech

That my old feudal tower,
Where I shall make my nest, —
Hoar castellan of power, —
With ivy crown embower
Its rugged granite crest ;

And I would have descried
Some 'scutcheon to admire,
Upon the chimney wide,
Whose furnace to provide
An oak is set on fire.

In summer, hedges tall
Must shade from heaven's rays;
In winter, we must all
Sit round the lighted hall,
Red with a mighty blaze.

In the woods my kingly range,
When sounds pervade the night,
Their tops shall seem to change
To phantoms weird and strange,
And wage mysterious fight.

Let virgins round me press,
Bright swarms the heavens that fill,
All clad in loveliness,
Waving their flowing dress
Through the night-watches still.

And with a voice of woe,
The ghost of knight and lord
Shall through the forest go,
Pale, ghastly, to and fro,
Or darkly stalk abroad.

v.

If my muse rapt on high
Carries its treasured nest
And wingèd family
To ruined keep once by
Some baron bold possest,

'T is that those times I love,
Brighter, if not more good,
Than those in which we move ;
And their wild records prove
Dear to the poet's mood.

The swallow on the tower,
Seeking from flight to rest,
Saved from the tempest's power,
Has sometimes made her bower
In some old vulture's nest,

Where, with soft beak, her young,
 Within the nest at play,
Oft push the moss among
Some broken egg along,
 Left by the bird of prey.

'Mid arms of by-gone years,
 My muse, in fairy realm,
'Mid ancient pikes and spears,
Strange as a dwarf appears,
 Wearing a giant's helm.

VI.

Thus in the fields shall pass
 My green and happy hours ;
In the castle's stately mass,
Like a stray root of grass,
 In the breaches of old towers.

But cot, or tower of might,
 The world shall bind me not ;
I will live in the light,
In prayer and fancy bright,
 Forgetting and forgot.



EXTRACT FROM "THE ASS."

A N Ass ran down the hill of science with furious
stride.

"Thy name?" said Kant. "'T is Patience," said the
Ass, with pride.

"Yes, 't is my name, and I have earned it by good right.
For thence I come where man alone has stood, — that
height

Which he calls knowledge, reason, art, philosophy.

O Kant! to wear the halter round your neck, you see;
From youth up beaten, and forever on the march;
Your backbone worn quite raw beneath the saddle's
arch;

Forced to obey from morn till eve the electric shock
Of seasoned ox-hide, or perchance the oaken stock;
To perish half with cold, or stifle with the heat;
Snapped at by curs, and stoned by boys, and beat;
To fall from one to t' other, north and south, —
Escape the stone and rush into the bull-dog's mouth;
To live, made hunchbacked by a weight of half a ton,

Your bones pressed through your skin, worn out, completely done ;
To get so many blows o'er sides and ribs and back
You get more zebra-like with every sounding whack, —
All this, that must seem hard to you, is simply naught !
The lash is but an air from far Æolia brought,
The drubbing 's but as evening rest when day is done
Beside of this, — to take a course at the Sorbonne !
To sit for months, ay, more, and strain your wits,
Beneath a wooden chair on which a pedant sits ;
To prick your ears to hear the scientific rage
Of wise professors, and the virtues of the sage ;
To read old Vossius, and Grotius on the law,
And listen well to hear how mankind says hee-haw !”

THE HAPPY MAN.

“GODS, I detest you! Youthful though I still be,
Dowered, alas! with everything I wish for,
Why do you seek to gratify each whim, and
Load me with favours?

“Into my palace, yawning to receive it,
City and desert pour out their abundance,
Brought by my ships from Calpe, or the distant
Straits of Leander.

“Fountains I hear, and music in the distance;
Stretched on my soft couch painted with vermillion,
Girls from the Indus, fanning my burning brow,
Watch o'er my slumbers.

“Parasites daily feeding at my banquets,
Eat, upon golden dishes, what I leave them;
Naught moves my appetite, — ev'n fish disdaining,
Nourished on slaves' blood.

“Gardens I have along the banks of Tiber,
Vineyards which clothe the heights above Pompeii;
O'er my land driving wearily, I gaze on
Slaves without number.

“Caesar smiles blandly, but the great men fear me;
Clients and suppliants crowd around my chariot;
Baths lined with porphyry, staircase of white marble,
Vie with each other.

“Sick of the forum, weary of the circus,
Vainly I ask of every one, ‘What’s doing?’
E'en Cato's game of throwing slaves to lampreys
Fails to amuse me.

“Eastern or western beauty cannot move me;
Weariness lurking e'en in a golden goblet;
Yet the poor beggar, weeping in his sorrow,
Envies my fortune.

“Favours I want not ceaselessly pursue me;
Still in my prime, like flowers I am fading.
Gods, all your gifts I'll give back if you'll only
Happiness grant me.”



Thus spake indolent Celsus. Within the gates of the
temple,
Languidly stretched on his couch, he peevishly blamed
his good fortune,
Thus he blasphemed his gods ; while blessing the mercy
of heaven,
Lo ! a martyr lay dying before that impious altar.



MADELEINE.

LIST to me, O Madeleine !
Now the snows have left the plain,
Which they warmly cloaked.
Come into the forest groves,
Where the notes that Echo loves
Are from horns evoked.

Come where springtide, Madeleine,
Brings a sultry breath from Spain,
Giving buds their hue ;
And, last night, to glad your eye,
Laid the floral marquetry,
Red and gold and blue.

Would I were, O Madeleine,
As the lamb whose wool you train
Through your tender hands.
Would I were the bird that whirls
Round, and comes to peck your curls,
Happy in such bands.

Were I e'en, O Madeleine,
Hermit whom the herd disdain
In his pious cell,
When your purest lips unfold
Sins which might to all be told,
As to him you tell.

Would I were, O Madeleine,
Moth that murmurs 'gainst your pane,
Peering at your rest,
As, so like its woolly wing,
Ceasing scarce its fluttering,
Heaves and sinks your breast.

If you seek it, Madeleine,
You may wish, and not in vain,
For a serving host ;

And your splendid hall of state
Shall be envied by the great,
O'er the Jew-king's boast.

If you name it, Madeleine,
Round your head no more you 'll train
Simple marguerites,
No ! the coronet of peers,
Whom the queen herself oft fears,
And the monarch greets.

If you wish, O Madeleine !
Where you gaze you long shall reign,
For I 'm ruler here !
I 'm the lord who asks your hand,
If you do not bid me stand
Loving shepherd here '

IN CHERIZY VALLEY.

FAIR valley, 'neath your still and solemn shades
A wanderer musing sits, sad and alone,
And sees bird chasing bird amid thy glades,
Toad-tainted pools and reeds by breezes blown.

'Tis thus man flees from man ; and oft in youth
Wrongs sour the pure, brave hearts so true and
warm.
The weakly reed that quickly breaks, in truth,
Is greatly blessed, though victim to the storm.

O vale ! the wanderer prays for that blessed gale ;
Footsore and weary he would rend the veil
That hides the goal would end his woes.
Before his path some dusky rays disclose
The future's wilderness, treeless and pale,
This gloomy hope it shows.

Life's clanking chain he drags from woe to woe ;
Of pride or gain no feeling he doth know ;

He seeks in vain for loving, pitying heart !
No hand has ever smoothed his rugged way,
No mortal lips will laugh when he is gay,
No tears at his will start.

Bleak is his life and lonely is his lot ;
Like cypress black, in the dark vale begot,
No virgin lily twines around its arms,
Or holds its boughs with love's own fetters bound
Like other trees around,
But far from him expands its fragrant charms.

Ere he ascend the rugged mountain's side,
The wanderer in the valley seeks repose
Where silence only echoes to his woes ;
For solitude is friend to those who bide
Alone 'mid crowds, -- yea, chiefest friend to those.

Like him alone, but more than he at rest,
The wretch finds shelter 'neath the mountain's crest,
Or trees which shade from gaze of human kind.
To him, upon whose feet clings city mire,
Brooks yield their banks, and gentle streams conspire
With softly murmuring wind.

Concealed, consoled beneath your grateful shade,
He sees and sings of that blessed heavenly maid
 With radiant smiles and brow as pure as snow.
What though no earthly marriage Fate decrees?
The immortal soul the vision still shall please
 Of deathless union past this world of woe.

Unfettered, free, his thoughts thus heavenward soar,
 And saddening memories are by hope dispelled.
Henceforth two shades his life shall hover o'er, —
 One in the future, one the past beheld.

O haste thy coming! Who shall bring thee nigh
 To him for whom thy heart doth yearn, sweet soul?
O kindly star! when, in the orient sky,
 Wilt thou appear, our sad hearts to console?

Never at cost of virtue will he seek
 To gain even thee, thou noblest crown of life.
Not like the wind-tossed reed, frail, pliant, weak,
But like the oak, which, while the tempests shriek,
 May break, but never bend in strife.

She comes! she comes! He sees, and says farewell
 Without a pang, to streams and fields and trees,

To solemn, peaceful woods, and echoing dell,
And vales where ofttime he has lain at ease.

O happy those who can in some still vale,
In humble hut be born and live and die !
Of earth naught earthly doth the soul assail
Which sees alone the sky.

THE BALLAD OF THE NUN.

PART I.

COME you whose eager eyes grow bright
At lays of legendary lore,
And I will sing the doleful tale
Of Dona Padilla del Flor.

She came from Alanje, on whose hills

The merry children sport and play,
And from the hedges pluck the flowers,
And gambol all the livelong day.

Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

In fair Grenada and Seville

Are maidens found, both bright and gay,
Who to the whispered tale of love
Will gladly listen night and day,
And wander in the dewy eve

With many a stalwart cavalier,
And give the kiss and fond embrace,
When the sweet tale of love they hear.

Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

But tales of love could never charm
The fair Padilla's listening ear;
No brighter eye than hers was seen,
And yet she shunned each cavalier
Who passed the hours of night away
Beneath the poplar's grateful shade,
And well knew how to gain the heart
Of many a listening Spanish maid.
Girls, your red aprons hide away;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

Nothing could touch her cruel heart;
No tender cares or stories gay
Could draw a smile from those soft lips,
Or from her eyes an answering ray.
Though haughty lords and cavaliers
Sought her with eager looks each day,
Yet all unmoved the wayward fair
Pursued the tenor of her way.
Girls, your red aprons hide away;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

At last she took the fatal vows
In grey Toledo's sculptured fane,
And left the world so gay and fair,
And severed every earthly chain,

As if the Church claimed her of right,
Although her looks gave no one pain.
All wept that fair Padilla's face
Would ne'er be seen on earth again.
Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

PART II.

She murmured, " Afar from the world
I can live and can pray for you all.
What a boon and what perfect repose,
On my knees at His altar to fall,
To sing every day to His praise,
With kind angels to guard me from ill,
And to drive those bad spirits away,
Who are ever opposed to His will ! "
Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

But she scarce had retired from the world
When Love slyly stole to her heart ;
For a brigand of fearful renown
Made her know the first pang of Love's dart, —
For a brigand will sometimes succeed
Where the most polished gallant will fail.

And vainly she strove with her love ;
Nor were vigils and prayers of avail.
Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

He was rude and uncouth in his ways ;
No glove masked those fingers of steel ;
But love 's a hard riddle to solve, —
Ah, who can its secrets reveal ?
The hind will abandon the stag
To follow the boar to his lair ;
And filled with a love for this wretch
Was the heart of Padilla the fair.
Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

Disguised in the hermit's dark robe,
Or with cross of the Templar on breast,
The brigand would steal to the gates
Of that haven of sanctified rest.
By skill and by cunning combined,
They met to exchange the fond kiss,
When no one their secret might guess,
Or witness their moments of bliss.
Girls, your red aprons hide away.
The bull will pass this road to-day.

The nun in her frenzy of love
 Would dare, so the chronicles tell,
To meet at Veronica's feet
 This brigand, the servant of hell,
At the hour when the black ravens croak,
 And in gloomy sepulchral band
Spread their pinions in flight, like a cloud,
 And hover above the dark land.

Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

Ah, wretched Padilla, one night,
 Forgetting the vows she had made,
Would have yielded to Satan's dark wiles
 At the hour when the dim tapers fade ;
In the church where she 'd taken her vows,
 The saint to the demon gave way,
As the shadows of night disappeared
 With the first pallid dawn of the day.

Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to day

On an evening appointed for love,
 Padilla crept down to the nave,
And called on the name of the wretch
 Who had made her of Satan a slave.

But instead of his voice it was thunder

That burst on her terrified ear ;

For the vengeance of heaven had come,

And stern retribution was near.

Girls, your red aprons hide away ;

The bull will pass this road to-day.

And sadly the shepherd now tells

Of the wrath of the Spirit Divine,

As he points to the mouldering walls

Which the close creeping ivy entwine,

And to two ruined towers, where the sheep

Are gratefully cropping the grass,

And he crosses himself as he tells

How the whole sad event came to pass.

Girls, your red aprons hide away ;

The bull will pass this road to-day.

For when night hovers o'er the old fane

And darkens its wide-gaping rifts,

Those towers into vast giants change,

As the night-bird its hoarse voice uplifts,

And calls to its fellows to come

And fly in a vast gloomy flock,

O'er hill, and o'er dale, and o'er plain,
O'er pebbly stream and dark rock.
Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

And at midnight a nun with a lamp
Creeps stealthily out of her cell,
And calls, as she steals round the wall,
On the name of the man she loved well.
Then another grim phantom starts up,
And vainly appears to eutreat.
Iron collars are fixed on their necks,
And fetters embarrass their feet.
Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

The quivering flame of the lamp
Comes and goes with a dim lurid light,
Now hiding beneath some old arch,
Now moving to left, then to right ;
It shines on the top of a tower,
Then trembles behind an old gate ;
And ever within its faint rays
A wan spectral crowd seems to wait.
Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

To meet in one long, fond embrace,
The spectres endeavour again;
A sheet of fire seems to enwrap them,
And all their attempts are in vain.
They stagger o'er graves of the good,
Which the hallowèd precincts surround,
Till at last, at the foot of a stair,
These agonized spirits are found.
Girls, your red aprons hide away;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

But the staircase is ever unréal,
And mocks the attempts that they make;
'Neath their feet the steps vanish away,
Or suddenly shatter and break.
Ever separate still do they roam,
Nor, spite of all effort, can they
Ascend or descend the charmed stairs,
Which appear, and then crumble away.
Girls, your red aprons hide away;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

In accents of fear and dismay
Their voices ring out through the night;
And with arms wildly spread out before,
They grope to the left and the right.

But the magical staircase again
Coldly mocks every effort they make,
And ever beneath their light tread
Its steps seem to quiver and shake.
Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

And the chill rain in torrents pours down,
And lashes the frail lattice pane,
Whilst the wind echoes through the damp vaults
That burrow beneath the old fane ;
And a peal from the belfry rings out, —
Not the work of a mortal man's hand, —
And sighing and hideous laughs
Are heard from a grim demon band.
Girls, your red aprons hide away ;
The bull will pass this road to-day

Then the voice of a man and a woman
Ring out through the darkness of night,
“ Ah, when will our punishment finish ?
Ah, when will our burthen grow light ? ”
But eternity comes to no end,
And never away will it pass,

For the clock of old time has no hands

And never reverses the glass.

Girls, your red aprons hide away ;

The bull will pass this road to-day.

Their torments, alas ! never cease ;

For each night comes a spectre in black

That with eagerness seeks a white shade,

And follows in vain on its track.

And still they toil on till the night

Is lost in the morning's bright beam,

When the flood of the sun's golden tide

Bears down on the dim tapers' gleam.

Girls, your red aprons hide away ;

The bull will pass this road to-day.

And the traveller who chances to pass

This cursed spot in the direst dismay

Asks in vain, as he crosses himself,

“ When will Heaven's just wrath pass away ? ”

And a fiery-tongued serpent may see,

Which upon some old tombstone will trace

The names of the two guilty ones,

Who are doomed to this ne'er-ending race.

Girls, your red aprons hide away ;

The bull will pass this road to-day.

That holy man Saint Ildefonse,
To save some fair soul at the least,
Commanded this legend be told
In each church in the land by the priest;
And by priest and by monk the sad tale
Is repeated to this very day,
As a warning to every young maid,
How Padilla, the sweet, went astray.
Girls, your red aprons hide away;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

THE POET IN REVOLUTION TIMES.

What ! die without emptying my quiver, without piercing through, without trampling under foot, without kneading in their own mire, those executioners, vilifiers of law ! — ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

“ THE wind drives far before it from the fields
 The acorn fallen from the verdant tree ;
 The mountain oak unto its passion yields ;
 It drives the tossing skiff across the sea.
 In youth thus we are onward scourged.
 Be not by drunken folly urged,
 The evils of the world to heap
 On thine own sorrows. Let us keep
 Guilty and victims, ruth for our own crimes,
 Our tears for our own griefs in sorrow-stricken times ! ”

What ! are they over-bold, these songs I sing ?
 And must we in these days of horror bide
 Deaf to our brothers' cries, which round us ring ?
 And suffer but for self — for none beside ?
 Ah, no ! the poet, for their sakes
 A willing exile, comfort makes

For sad and fettered human things.
Into their frenzied midst he flings
Himself, armed only with his glorious lyre,
As Orpheus into hell, regardless of hell's fire.

“ Your Orpheus for a moment ravished
The dead from torments of eternity ;
But thou, thou singest o'er the sinner's head
Hymns of remorse. Ah, madman, what must be
The pride which carries thee away ?
And why shouldst thou, who in the fray
Hast borne no part, step forth to be
The judge ? Oh, censor, scarcely free
From childhood, let thy innocence grow old
Ere thou believest in thy virtue over-bold ! ”

When crime — the pallid, ghastly Python — breaks,
Unpunished, the law's restraining bands,
The muse the form of vengeful fury takes ;
Apollo grasps his quiver in his hands !
I trust in God who comforts me ;
What fate may hold, I cannot see.
But though I know not what betide,
My star I follow without pride ;
The tempest which assaults the foaming waves
May rend the sail, but yet that sail the pilot saves.

“Bent on their own destruction all men haste !
Nor will thy songs avail which useless rise.
Why, then, wilt thou thy life's glad springtime waste,
And with them wander far from smiling skies ?
And wilt thou break the chain of fate,
Thus leaving others desolate ?
Or rooting up this life of thine,
Those tendrils break which round it twine ?
Hast thou no mother ? O deluded youth !
O poet ! lov'st thou none ? On thine own self have
ruth !”

Well, if I perish, there is heaven above,
And earth-born passions shall endure on high.
Ennobled is the soul by purest love,
And who knows how to love, knows how to die.
In times of tumult and unrest,
When just men are by wrong opprest,
The poet true must imitate
The heroes he would celebrate ;
And to their martyrdom must so aspire
That life for those who slay he has, for slain a lyre.

“They say that poets in the days of old,
Who sang of times still dim with future's mist,

Could to th' unquiet earth its fate unfold,
 Since from afar its destinies they wist.
But for the world what canst *thou* do?
Its awful night enwraps thee too.
The threatening heavens are clouded o'er,
And poet-prophets are no more.
The Muse is dumb and blind; naught knoweth she
Of the vast, solemn secrets of futurity."

The mortal consecrated by God's kiss,
 Inflamed with zeal towards the future goes.
It is by plunging into the abyss
 Its depths he fathoms and its darkness knows.
He girds himself for sacrifice;
Well knows he that for joys of vice
The innocent must e'er atone,
And pay for evil not his own,
And on his dying day a prophet he;
His scaffold is a shrine, his cell a sanctuary.

"Didst thou not erst upon the borders fair
 Of Abbas and Cosroës see the light
Beneath the cloudless skies and balmy air?
 The myrtles and the aloes charmed thy sight;
There, deaf to all those ills which make

Thy muse so troublous for their sake,
The poet sees the morn arise
With sun-kissed brow and smiling eyes;
And the dove dear to wisdom hastes to greet
Fair maidens where love whispers 'mid the blossoms
sweet!"

Let others in inglorious ease remain,
But heavenly martyrdom shall be my choice,
And glory be my end. None can attain
To this who hearkens unto pleasure's voice.
The halcyon when the ocean growls
Will mar his sweet, untroubled rest
When cradled in the wave's calm breast;
But for the eaglet, son of storms, his flight
He takes across the clouds towards the great sun's
light.



THANKSGIVING.

MY bark thou bring'st to port, safe from the stormy
main,

My branches well-nigh dead have budded forth again ;
I bless and thank thee, Lord, for that life-giving
breath

Which kindled up the flame so nearly quenched in
death.

An eaglet in its nest, on me the tempest broke ;
A helpless fledgeling then I fell from topmost branch
of oak.

Dire Sorrow's laws from earliest years I knew,
As sailing in my cot o'er stormy seas I flew.

For me life's lessons hard were learnt in childhood's
hours,

Though lightning's flash from heaven will always
spare the flowers.

A child without defence is Heaven's especial care,
The bitterness of tears it ne'er should have to bear.

Youth promised me with smiles (but promising it lied),
A future full of love, of glory, and of pride ;
But when my heart pursued these dreams so fair and
 bright
I woke to find myself encoffined in dark night.

From home and brethren then an exile lone I fled,
Calm, for my sorrow deep on no remorse was fed.
I followed then from far each sad funereal train,
Thinking the orphan's cry might wake the dead again.

Turning my eyes to heaven, I crossed the deep abyss,
Grieving to think that cruel fate had stolen all my
 bliss ;
From out my inmost thought the flame kept rising
 higher,
And settled on my brow in burning tongues of fire.

Of Patmos' isle in ecstasy I learned the fear and dread,
Which now before, and now behind, over my spirit
 spread.

My soul in truth was sad ; my songs, once my delight,
Resembled now the voice of those that weep by night.

I saw without a sigh my happiness depart ;
O Lord ! I felt condemned to weariness of heart.

Along the desert path I wandered, all forlorn,
And yet I never cursed the day when I was born.

This is the truth which now to all the world I tell :
Emptied of self, I longed that I in heaven might dwell.
Praise God ! When bleats the sheep, the lamb comes
straightway home ;
I call upon my Lord, and, lo ! my Lord is come.

To me he said, " My law can never heavy be
To thee, who in my steps dost follow faithfully.
Amongst the happy ones a bright robe thou shalt wear,
And wash thine hands from stain in innocency there.

" My life obscure from far I offer not to thee,
But in eternal light reflected thou shalt see
Of heavenly wisdom's course the pure and brilliant ray,
Brightening and shining more unto the perfect day."

An angel spreading now his wings above my heart,
Said, " Orphan nevermore, but a dear friend thou art."
Each hour of every day by his side shines so bright
That now the yoke is easy, and now the burden's light.

THE LAST SONG.

AND thou, throw down thy lyre ;
What, though the gods inspire,
Care mortals gross and vain ?
They scorn the incensing hand ;
Break then this powerless band,
Resign the steedless rein.

Oh, the joys of the poet are pure, without guile,
When he lives on in hope, braving death with a smile,
For his glory returns with the on-march of time.
In the far future years from the heavenly height,
He bends himself listening to memories sublime ;
And his name, like a stone thro' th' abyss in its flight,
Re-echoes in depths of the future his rhyme.

Not mine that joy divine ;
The ages are not mine,
Nor poet's high renown.
My muse, by tempests whirled,
Falls level with the world,
Like flower by stream borne down.

Yet my innocent muse is both gentle and fair,
And Bethlehem's sweet star shines tenderly there ;
I have followed that star like the shepherds of old.
My God has endowed me with gift of brave speech,
For a cowardly sleep doth his people enfold ;
And whether my harp may weep, threaten, or teach,
My songs upward fly, as the eagle's flight bold.

My soul from kindling source
Runs on from course to course,
As precious brooklet flies,
Where travellers slake their thirst ;
Brooks into rivers burst,
And thence to sea and skies.

But, O flowers without perfume, O fires that are dead,
O men, space is wanting my wings to outspread !
Your breath is but mortal, your world is too small.
My songs are to you like vague sounds of the night ;
You drink of the sweet and I drink of the gall.
Good ! go on with your loves, and your battles go
fight, —
You, whose dead eyes the whole light of heaven would
enthral.

I raised my still weak voice ;
The echoes made no noise.

My harp with cords of steel
Has passed o'er these vile souls,
As streets when traffic rolls
Re-echo horse and wheel.

In vain have I threatened with God's vengeful darts,
In vain have I spoken, to bend their hard hearts,
Of the pardon that cometh through penitent tears.
My thoughts, from the thundering heavens of fire,
Fall on soil that is sterile, 'mid silence or jeers,
Like dew, sometimes propitious and sometimes in ire,
Which one day destroys and the next day uprears.

The grave is all folks' gate !
Man strives in vain 'gainst fate, —
Man, whom Time bears away.
All wait the wakening blast,
To rouse from sleep at last,
And join the battle's fray.

Remember, sad mortals, your souls who forget,
The cup is not filled up for all of us yet.
Let them pass on in peace 'neath the dark heavens'
frown,
And enjoy in frail dwellings the sweets and the flowers.
When their lot to Eternity's depths is cast down
The madmen in vain will then grasp at the hours,
As grasp at the wreckage the sailors who drown.

Farewell, lamenting lute,
For evermore be mute.
Avoid the crowd who gaze,
Hush the immortal strain,
And close the veiled fane,
Let shadows shroud the place !

O Lord ! I will bring to thee emblems of hope,
The sword and the lance, with thy foemen to cope.
I have hardly attained that for which I was sent ;
I have oft been the plaything of wavering winds ;
The eaglets cease flight in their giddy ascent,
And seek for the earth which they scarcely can find,
And the lightning returns without being spent.

THE GIRL OF OTAHEITE.

FORGET? Can I forget the scented breath
Of breezes, sighing of thee, in mine ear;
The strange awaking from a dream of death,
The sudden thrill to find thee coming near?
Our huts were desolate, and far away
I heard thee calling me throughout the day.
No one had seen thee pass;
Trembling I came. Alas!
Can I forget?

Once I was beautiful; my maiden charms
Died with the grief that from my bosom fell.
Ah, weary traveller, rest in my loving arms!
Let there be no regrets and no farewell!
Here of thy mother sweet, where waters flow,
Here of thy fatherland we whispered low;
Here, music, praise, and prayer
Filled the glad summer air.
Can I forget?

Forget? My dear old home must I forget,
And wander forth and hear my people weep?
Far from the woods where, when the sun has set,
Fearless but weary to thy arms I creep,
Far from lush flow'rets and the palm-tree's moan,
I could not live. Here let me rest alone!
Go! I must follow nigh;
With thee I'm doomed to die,
Never forget!

BELOVED NAME.

THE lily's perfume pure, fame's crown of light,
The latest murmur of departing day ;
Fond friendship's plaint that melts at piteous sight ;
The mystic farewell of each hour at flight ;
The kiss which beauty grants with coy delay ;

The seven-fold scarf that parting storms bestow
As trophy to the proud, triumphant sun ;
The thrilling accent of a voice we know ;
The love-enthralled maiden's secret vow ;
An infant's dream, ere life's first sands be run ;

The chant of distant choirs ; the morning's sigh,
Which erst inspired the fabled Memnon's frame ;
The melodies that, hummed, so trembling die ;
The sweetest gems that 'mid thought's treasures lie,
Have naught of sweetness that can match her name '

Low be its utterance, like a prayer divine,
Yet in each warbled song be heard the sound ;

Be it the light in darksome fanes to shine,
The sacred word which at some hidden shrine
The self-same voice forever makes resound !

O friends ! ere yet in living strains of flame
My muse, bewildered in her circlings wide,
With names the vaunting lips of pride proclaim,
Shall dare to blend the *one*, the purer name,
Which love a treasure in my breast doth hide,

Must the wild lay my faithful harp can sing
Be like the hymns which mortals, kneeling, hear ;
To solemn harmonies attuned the string,
As, music show'ring from his viewless wing,
On heavenly airs some angel hovered near.

GENIUS.

(TO CHATEAUBRIAND.)

Woe unto him! the child of this sad earth,
Who, in a troubled world, unjust and blind,
Bears genius, — treasure of celestial birth, —
Within his solitary soul enshrined.
Woe unto him! for Envy's pangs impure,
Like the undying vultures', will be driven
Into his noble heart, that must endure
Pangs for each triumph; and, still unforgiven,
Suffer Prometheus' doom, who ravished fire from Heaven.

Still though his destiny on earth may be
Grief and injustice, who would not endure
With joyful calm each proffered agony,
Could he the prize of genius thus ensure?
What mortal feeling kindled in his soul
That clear celestial flame, so pure and high,
O'er which nor time nor death can have control,
Would in inglorious pleasures basely fly
From sufferings whose reward is Immortality?

No! though the clamours of the envious crowd
Pursue the son of Genius, he will rise
From the dull clod, borne by an effort proud
Beyond the reach of vulgar enmities.
'T is thus the eagle, with his pinions spread,
Reposing o'er the tempest, from that height
Sees the clouds reel and roll above our head,
While he, rejoicing in his tranquil flight,
More upward, soars sublime in heaven's eternal light.

THE LAY OF THE LISTS.

LARGESS, most gallant chevaliers,
Give largess to the kings at arms,
Whether in mimic fight your spears
You wield, or in real wars' alarms ;
Knights who on shield the wyvern bear, —
The wyvern green with spiral curls, —
Or you who Agra's mantle wear,
Its sable hue relieved by pearls.
Some place the lilies on their crest,
Whilst others knightly surtout don,
On which shines out in 'broidered gold
The haughty cross of Amazon.

See, the lists are thrown open,
The heralds ride round,
And the green and white banners
O'er each tower are found.
Hark ! the crowd shouts the loudest,
The light pennons dance,
As the lord of the tourney
Does proudly advance.

See, he hangs on his surtout,
Half hid in its folds,
The white griffin, — the badge
Of the office he holds.

Each view-point is crowded ;
Afar off the bell
Of the grey minster echoes
With resonant swell.
All is beauty and splendour,
And worthy the eye
Of the monarch who sits
On his throne raised on high.
And our queen, too, has given,
With generous hand,
And captives has ransomed
From Paynim's dark land.

Listen ! knights of blood royal,
To these rules attend,
And to what the law orders
Attentive ears lend :
He who uses his weapon
E'er trumpets' shrill blast,
Is a felon, that weapon

Is banned and outcast.
'T was the law of our fathers,
Long ages ago,
And which God sent for guidance
To brave knights below.

First, we'll make with our homage
The universe ring,
The Evangelists praising,
And Jesus our king.
Then invoke brave Saint Denis,
The patron of France,
Who will look to your honour,
Tho' feeble your lance.
And as truly as you give
Your sword to the king,
Trust your soul to your master,
Whose praises you sing.

You must next on the relics
Of martyrs aver
That no foul tarnish clings to
The gold of your spur ;
That no serf in your dungeons,
In darkness and gloom,

Sits awaiting the headsman
By your cruel doom ;
That you always are ready
The widow to aid,
And to succour the orphan,
With heart and with blade.

Knights who cherish your honour,
Recall by-gone years,
And the valorous deeds of
King Charlemagne's peers,
And of chivalrous Arthur,
So widely renowned,
With his bold cavaliers,
The famed Table Round.
Shame on the false warrior
Who uses foul spell,
And who fights loyal foe
With the magic of hell.

From a gibbet raised high on
The battlements grey,
That false knight's bleeding body
Shall quiver and sway,
And shall suffer long anguish,

Till merciful death
Shall bear off in sad triumph
The last fleeting breath ;
Whilst enchanters and wizards,
His comrades in crime,
O'er his bones shall low murmur
The magical rhyme.

But all hail to the knight who
Keeps true to his fame.
On their scarves the fair ladies
Embroider his name.
For his glory and honour
From earth cannot fade,
Whilst the troubadours sing of
His valorous blade.
His good angel shall watch o'er
His last resting-place,
Whilst his trophies of valour
The altar shall grace.

Then brave knights and fair ladies,
All listen, I pray,
To the rules and the laws of
The jousts of to-day :

The lord of the tourney is
Sovereign supreme,
And may punish each knight
He a felon may deem;
And if any one ventures
His words to deride,
He may call on the ladies
The case to decide.

Largess, most gallant chevaliers,
Give largess to the kings at arms
Whether in mimic fight your spears
You wield, or in real wars' alarms;
Knights who on shield the wyvern bear, —
The wyvern green with spiral curls, —
Or you who Agra's mantle wear,
Its sable hue relieved by pearls.
Some place the lilies on their crest,
Whilst others knightly surtout don,
On which shines out in 'broidered gold
The haughty cross of Amazon.

LES ORIENTALES.

LES ORIENTALES.

THE SCOURGE OF HEAVEN.

I.

HAST seen it pass, that cloud of darkest rim, —
Now red and glorious, and now grey and dim,
Now sad as summer, barren in its heat ?
One seems to see at once rush through the night
The smoke and turmoil from a burning site
Of some great town in fiery grasp complete.

Whence comes it ? From the sea, the hills, the sky ?
Is it the flaming chariot from on high
Which demons to some planet seem to bring ?
Oh, horror ! from its wondrous centre, lo !
A furious stream of lightning seems to flow,
Like a long snake uncoiling its fell ring.

II.

The sea ! — naught but the sea ! Waves on all sides !
Vainly the sea-bird would outstrip these tides !
Naught but an endless ebb and flow !

Wave upon wave advancing, then controlled ;
Beneath the depths a stream the eyes behold
Rolling in the involved abyss below,

Whilst here and there great fishes in the spray
Their silvery fins beneath the sun display,
Or their blue tails lash up from out the surge.
Like to a flock the sea its fleece doth fling ;
The horizon's edge bound by a brazen ring ;
Waters and sky in mutual azure merge.

"Am I to dry these seas ?" exclaimed the cloud.
"No !" It went onward 'neath the breath of God.

III.

Green hills, which round a limpid bay
Reflected, bask in the clear wave ;
The javelin and its buffalo prey,
The laughter and the joyous stave ;
The tent, the manger, — these describe
A hunting and a fishing tribe,
Free as the air ; their arrows fly
Swifter than lightning through the sky.
By them is breathed the purest air,

Where'er their wanderings may chance ;
Children and maidens young and fair,
And warriors circling in the dance,
Upon the beach, around the fire,
Now quenched by wind, now burning higher,
Like spirits which our dreams inspire
To hover o'er our trance.

Virgins with skins of ebony,
Beauteous as evening skies,
Laughed as their forms they dimly see
In metal mirrors rise ;
Others, as joyously as they,
Were drawing for their food by day,
With jet-black hands, white camels' whey, —
Camels with docile eyes.

Both men and women, bare,
Plunged in the briny bay.
Who knows them ? Whence they were ?
Where passed they yesterday ?
Shrill sounds were hovering o'er,
Mixed with the ocean's roar,
Of cymbals from the shore,
And whinnying courser's neigh.

“Is 't there?” one moment asked the cloudy mass;
“Is 't there?” An unknown utterance answered,
“Pass!”

IV.

Whitened with grain see Egypt's lengthened plains,
Far as the eyesight farthest space contains,
Like a rich carpet spread their varied hues.
The cold sea north, southwards the burying sand
Dispute o'er Egypt, — while the smiling land
Still mockingly their empire does refuse.

Three marble triangles seem to pierce the sky,
And hide their basements from the curious eye, —
Mountains, with waves of ashes covered o'er!
In graduated blocks of six feet square
From golden base to top, from earth to air
Their ever heightening monstrous steps they bore.

No scorching blast could daunt the sleepless ken
Of roseate Sphinx, and god of marble green,
Which stood as guardians o'er the sacred ground.
For a great port steered vessels huge and fleet;
A giant city bathed her marble feet
In the bright waters round.





Photographie couard X.

TH. FOERL

May 16 1890

One heard the dread simoom in distance roar,
Whilst the crushed shell upon the pebbly shore
 Crackled beneath the crocodile's huge coil.
Westwards, like tiger's skin, each separate isle
Spotted the surface of the yellow Nile;
 Grey obelisks shot upwards from the soil.

The star-king set. The sea, it seemed to hold
In the calm mirror this live globe of gold,
 This world, the soul and torchbearer of our own.
In the red sky, and in the purple streak,
Like friendly kings who would each other seek,
 Two meeting suns were shown.

"Shall I not stop?" exclaimed the impatient cloud.
"Seek!" Trembling Tabor heard the voice of God.

v.

Sand, sand, and still more sand!
The desert, — fearful land! —
 Teeming with monsters dread,
And plagues on every hand.
Here in an endless flow

Sandhills of golden glow,
Where'er the tempests blow,
Like a great flood are spread.
Sometimes the sacred spot
Hears human sounds profane, when,
As from Ophir or from Memphre,
Stretches the caravan ;
From far the eyes its trail
Along the burning shale,
Bending its wavering tail,
Like a mottled serpent scan.
These deserts are of God ;
His are the bounds alone ;
Here, where no feet have trod,
To him its centre known !
And from this smoking sea
Veiled in obscurity,
The foam one seems to see
In fiery ashes thrown.

“ Shall desert change to lake ? ” cried out the cloud.
“ Still further ! ” from heaven's depths sounded that
Voice aloud.

VI.

Like tumbled waves, which a huge rock surround,
Like heaps of ruined towers which strew the ground
 See Babel now deserted and dismayed, —
Huge witness to the folly of mankind ;
Four distant mountains when the moonlight shined
 Seem covered with its shade.

O'er miles and miles the shattered ruins spread
Beneath its base, from captive tempests bred ;
 The air seemed filled with harmony strange and dire,
While swarmed around the entire human race ;
A future Babel on the world's whole space
 Fixed its eternal spire.

Up to the zenith rose its lengthening stair,
While each great granite mountain lent a share
 To form a stepping base ;
Height upon height repeated seemed to rise,
For pyramid on pyramid the strained eyes
 Saw take their ceaseless place.

Through yawning walls huge elephants stalked by ;
Under dark pillars rose a forestry, —
 Pillars by madness multiplied ;

As round some giant hive, all day and night
Huge vultures' and red eagles' wheeling flight
Was through each porch descried.

“ Must I complete it ? ” said the angered cloud.
“ On still ! ” “ Lord, whither ? ” groaned it, deep not
loud.

VII.

Two cities, strange, unknown in history's page,
Up to the clouds seemed scaling, stage by stage,
Noiseless their streets ; their sleeping inmates lie,
Their gods, their chariots, in obscurity !
Like sisters sleeping 'neath the same moonlight.
O'er their twin towers crept the shades of night :
Whilst scarce distinguished in the black profound,
Stairs, aqueducts, great pillars, gleamed around,
And ruined capitals ; then was seen a group
Of granite elephants 'neath a dome to stoop ;
Shapeless, giant forms to view arise, —
Monsters around, the spawn of hideous ties !
Then hanging gardens, with flowers and galleries ;
O'er vast fountains bending grew ebon trees ;
Temples where, seated on their rich tiled thrones,
Bull-headed idols shone in jasper stones ;

Vast halls, spanned by one block, where watch and
stare

Each upon each, with straight and moveless glare,
Colossal heads in circles; the eye sees
Great gods of bronze, their hands upon their knees.
Sight seemed confounded, and to have lost its powers,
'Midst bridges, aqueducts, arches, and round towers,
Whilst unknown shapes fill up the devious views
Formed by these palaces and avenues.

Like capes, the lengthening shadows seem to rise
Of these dark buildings, pointed to the skies, —
Immense entanglement in shroud of gloom !
The stars which gleamed in the empyrean dome,
Under the thousand arches in heaven's space
Shone as through meshes of the blackest lace.
Cities of hell, with foul desires demented,
And monstrous pleasures, hour by hour invented !
Each roof and home some monstrous mystery bore,
Which through the world spread like a two-fold sore.
Yet all things slept, and scarce some pale late light
Flitted along the streets through the still night, —
Lamps of debauch, forgotten and alone ;
The feast's lost fires left there to flicker on.
The walls' large angles clove the light-lengthening
shades

'Neath the white moon, or on some pool's face played.
Perchance one heard, faint in the plain beneath,
The kiss suppressed, the mingling of the breath;
And the two sister cities, tired of heat,
In love's embrace lay down in murmurs sweet,
Whilst sighing winds the scent of sycamore
From Sodom to Gomorrah softly bore.
Then over all spread out the blackened cloud,
“'T is here!” the Voice on high exclaimed aloud.

VIII.

From a cavern wide
In the rent cloud's side,
In sulphurous showers
The red flame pours.
The palaces fall
In the lurid light,
Which casts a red pall
O'er their façades white !

O Sodom ! Gomorrah !
What a dome of horror
Rests now on your walls !
On you the cloud falls,

Nation perverse !

On your fated heads,
From its fell jaws, a curse
Its lightning fierce spreads !

The people awoken
Which godlessly slept ;
Their palaces shaken,
Their offences unwept !
Their rolling cars all
Meet and crash in the street ;
And the crowds, for a pall,
Find flames round their feet !

Numberless dead,
Round these high towers spread,
Still sleep in the shade
By their rugged heights made ;
Colossi of rocks
In ill-steadied blocks ;
So hang on a wall
Black ants, like a pall !

To escape is in vain
From this horrible rain.

Alas ! all things die ;
In the lightning's red flash
The bridges all crash ;
'Neath the tiles the flame creeps,
From the fire-struck steeps
Falls on the pavements below,
All lurid in glow,
Rolling down from on high !

Beneath every spark,
The red, tyrannous fire
Mounts up in the dark
Ever redder and higher ;
More swiftly than steed
Uncontrolled, see it pass !
Horrid idols all twist,
By the crumbling flame kissed,
In their infamous dread, —
Shrivelled members of brass !

It grows angry, flows on —
Silver towers fall down
Unforeseen — like a dream
In its green and red stream,
Which lights up the walls

Ere one crashes and falls,
Like the changeable scale
Of a lizard's bright mail.
Agate, porphyry, cracks
And is melted to wax !
Bend low to their doom
These stones of the tomb !
E'en the great marble giant
Called Nabo, sways pliant
Like a tree ; whilst the flare
 Seemed each column to scorch
 As it blazed like a torch
Round and round in the air.

The magi, in vain,
From the heights to the plain
Their gods' images carry
 In white tunic ; they quake, —
 No idol can make
The blue sulphur tarry ;
The temple e'en where they meet,
Swept under their feet
In the folds of its sheet !
Turns a palace to coal,
Whence the straitened cries roll

From its terrified flock ;
 With incendiary grips
It loosens a block,
 Which smokes and then slips
From its place by the shock ;
 To the surface first sheers,
 Then melts, disappears,
Like the glacier, the rock !
The high-priest, full of years,
On the burnt site appears,
 Whence the others have fled.
Lo ! his tiara 's caught fire
As the furnace burns higher,
 And pale, full of dread,
See, the hand he would raise
To tear his crown from the blaze
 Is flaming instead !

Men, women, in crowds
Hurry on ; the fire shrouds
 And blinds all their eyes
As, besieging each gate
Of these cities of fate,
To the conscience-struck crowd
In each fiery cloud
 Hell appears in the skies !

IX.

Men say that then, to see his foe's sad fall,
As some old prisoner clings to his prison wall,
Babel, accomplice of their guilt, was seen
O'er the far hills to gaze with vision keen.
And as was worked this dispensation strange,
A wondrous noise filled the world's startled range;
Reached the dull hearing that deep, direful sound
Of their sad tribe who live below the ground.

X.

'Gainst this pitiless flame who condemned could pre-
vail?
Who these walls, burnt and calcined, could venture to
scale?
Yet their vile hands they sought to uplift;
Yet they cared still to ask from what God, by what
law,
In their last sad embrace, 'midst their horror and awe,
Of this mighty volcano the drift?

'Neath great slabs of marble they hid them in vain
'Gainst this ever-living fire, God's own flaming rain!

'T is the rash whom God seeks out the first.
They called on their gods, who were deaf to their cries,
For the punishing flame caused their cold granite eyes
In tears of hot lava to burst !

Thus away in the whirlwind did everything pass, —
The man and the city, the soil and its grass !

God burnt this sad, sterile champaign ;
Naught living was left of this people destroyed,
And the unknown wind which blew over the void
Each mountain changed into a plain.

XI.

The palm-tree that grows on the rock to this day
Feels its leaf growing yellow, its slight stem decay,
In the blasting and ponderous air.
These towns are no more ! but to mirror their past,
O'er their embers a cold lake, spread far and spread fast,
With smoke like a furnace, lies there !

MAZEPPA.

THUS when a mortal, on whom his God is outpoured
indeed,

Is bound on thy fateful croup, O genius, fiery steed,
He struggles in vain ; with a bound, untouched of his
hand or heel,

From the real thou bearest him forth, whose gates burst
and break as they feel

Thy feet, feet of steel.

Thou clearest the deserts with him, and the hoary tops
of the proud

Old hills of strength, crossest seas, and beyond the
depths of cloud

Where darkness heavily lies ; and, awaked by thy foot-
steps' sound,

A thousand spirits impure in their legion close press
round

Thy traveller bound.

In one flight on thy wings of flame he reaches and sees
the whole, —

Wide fields of the possible there stretched out, and all
realms of the soul ;

He drinks from the river eternal ; in storm-night or
star-night now

His locks with the locks of comets commingled, all
flaming glow

On the firmament's brow.

The six moons of Herschel he sees, the ring of old
Saturn there ;

And the pole that bends round her brow the nightly
Aurora fair, —

All he sees ; the ideal horizon, the limitless world's, in
his sight

Moveth on till it knoweth no limit, displaced through
the darkness and light

By thy untired flight.

And who, saving only the demons and angels, may
know or may dream

What he suffers in following thee, or guess the strange
lightnings that gleam

On his eyes, and the scorching and burning of many a
fiery spark,

And how, in the night, those cold wings shall strike at
his brow in the dark

And no one shall mark.

Affrighted he cries, but in vain : relentless thy flight
will not fail, —

The flight that o'erwhelms him and crushes, exhausted,
and gasping and pale.

Each step thou dost take seems to hollow his tomb, and
he sinks in affright ;

Till the end comes, he runs and he flies and he falls,
and he rises upright,

A king in his might.

SERENADE.

WHEN the voice of thy lute at the eve,
 Charmeth the ear,
In the hour of enchantment believe
 What I murmur near.
That the tune can the Age of Gold
 With its magic restore.
Play on, play on, my fair one,
 Play on for evermore.

When thy laugh, like the song of the dawn,
 Riseth so gay
That the shadows of night are withdrawn
 And melt away,
I remember my years of care,
 And misgiving no more.
Laugh on, laugh on, my fair one,
 Laugh on for evermore.

When thy sleep, like the moonlight above
 Lulling the sea,



Des uns par l'écriture

Photo. aut. (cap. 18)

Doth enwind thee in visions of love,
Perchance, of me !
I can watch so in dream that enthralled me
Never before !
Sleep on, sleep on, my fair one,
Sleep on for evermore.



THE DANUBE IN WRATH.

[The River Deity upbraids his daughters, the contributory streams.]

YE daughters mine ! will naught abate
Your fierce interminable hate ?
Still am I doomed to rue the fate
That such unfriendly neighbours made ?
The while ye might in peaceful cheer
Mirror upon your waters clear,
Semlin ! thy Gothic steeples dear,
And thy bright minarets, Belgrade !

THE HEADS OF THE SERAGLIO.

FOR very joy that night the whole seraglio leapt;
To sound of gay tambours o'er velvet carpets
stept

In mazy dance the sultanes through the sacred halls;
And as a king might crown and jewelled sceptre bear,
To the children of the Prophet proud it doth appear,
Six thousand heads upon its walls!

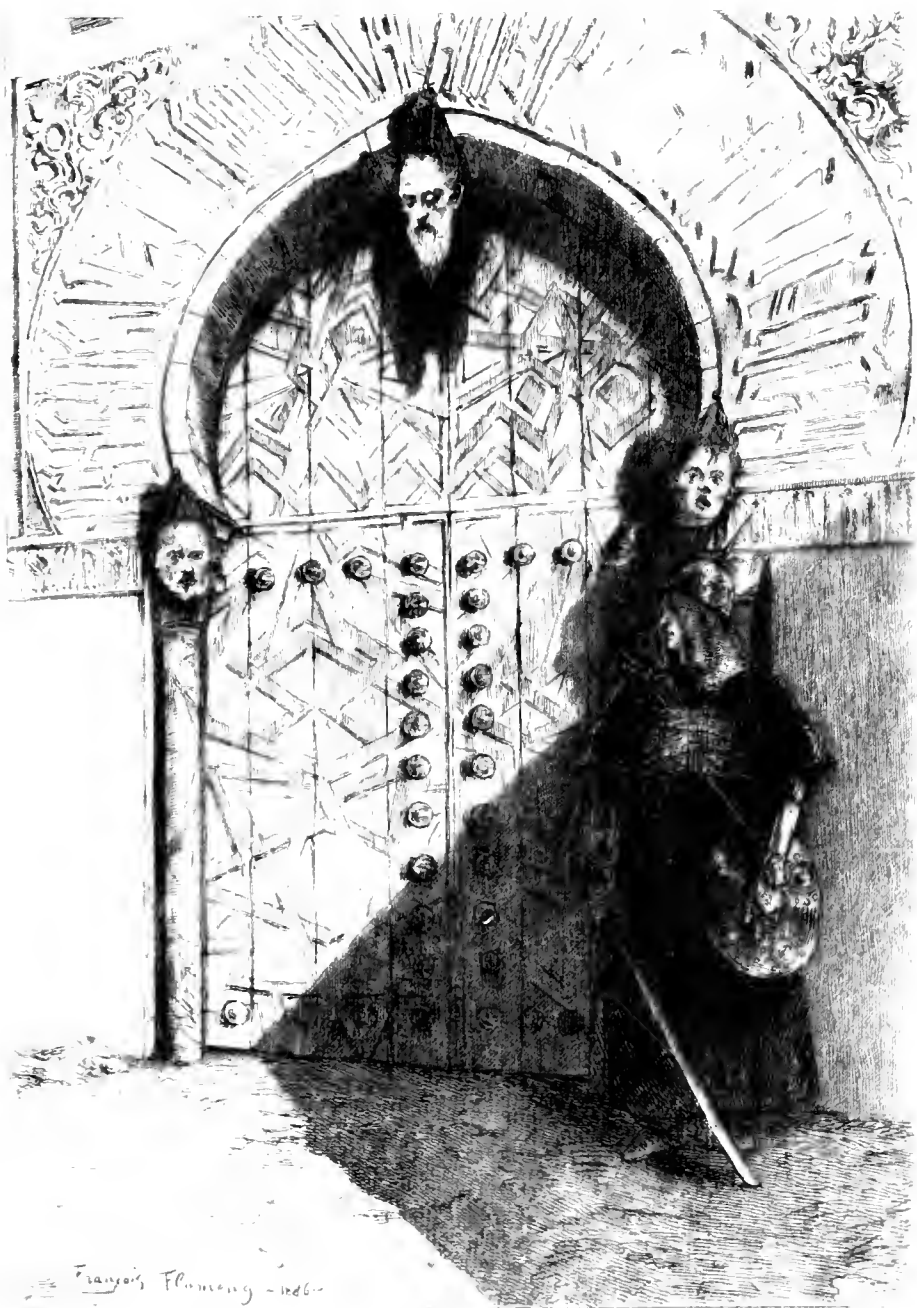
Livid, with quenched eyes, and crowned with raven
hair,

These gory heads do crown, ranged on the towers there.

The terraces of rose and jasmine, — hideous sight!
Sad like a friend, and yet consoling like a friend,
The moon, star of the dead, doth with the evening
blend,
And with their blood, her pallid light.

Without, before the palace entrance, three do mark
The Oriental arch that rings that portal dark.

These heads, swept by the wings of the dread bird
of gloom,



François Flameng - 1866

Received, 't would seem, the murderous blow that
brought them death,—
One in fierce combat, one with prayer-laden breath,
The last within the silent tomb.

They said that then, whilst motionless as they, and
still,
Watched stupidly the sentinels in even's chill
The three heads sudden spoke ; and like those
ghostly chants
One hears in horrid dreams, forgetting nevermore,
Their voices were ; or like the sea upon the shore,
Or winds that sweep the eagle's haunts.

PHANTOMS.

I.

HOW many maidens fair, alas ! I've seen
To fade and die, for Death must have his
own ;

Beneath the circling scythe the grass lies green,
And happy dancers floating by serene
Tread on the flowers with which the sward is
strewn.

Brooks gliding through the vales must disappear,
The lightning flash hath but a moment's course,
And April, in the springtime of the year,
Must mar the apple-trees with frost severe,
And nip their tender buds without remorse.

Sic vita est ! Wan night doth follow day ;
At length we wake in paradise or hell ;
Though crowds fill every space in long array
At the great feast, soon many go away,
And empty seats are left their names to tell.

II.

In many forms I've seen them die! One, white
And rose; one, tranced in thought on heavenly
things;

One feebly drooped like snowdrop in the night.
And like the breaking bough when bird takes flight,
From her rent body so her soul took wings;

And one with frenzied glance and fancies strange,
Muttering in whispered tones an unknown name;
One like the notes of music sweet did change;
Another smiled as though her eye did range
From earth to heaven, and thus her angel came.

Fair, fragile flowers that die as soon as spring,
Halejons whose cradle is the ocean's swell,
Doves heaven-directed on Aurora's wing
Of Life's short day, in whom all virtues dwell,
By spring's, not autumn's time, your years you tell.

Blest ghosts! while in the dark I dreaming stray,
They hover round, they hear me, and reply
In mystic numbers in the twilight grey;
Through veil of leafy trees in fading day
I see the glistening of the immortal eye.

Their souls claim kinship with my earth-bound soul;
The barriers of two worlds are overthrown !
I aid their steps, I wear their aureole,
Like them I die and reach the heavenly goal,
And they like me have human passions known.

Their forms are fashioned to my transcendèd mind ;
My spirit sees them come and hears them speak !
Around a grave their airy figures wind,
And fade away and leave no trace behind,
Save in my mind when I remembrance seek.

III.

One form transcendent, — 't was a Spanish maid, —
A breast which with no impious raptures heaved,
Dark eyes where southern sun's soft languor played
With wordless charm and nimbus bright displayed,
With fifteen golden summers interweaved.

No, not of love she died, for her young heart
Knew not as yet of either love or woe ;
Unpierced that tender breast by Cupid's dart ;
While all men cried, " Sweet maid, how fair thou art !"
None ever spake it her in accents low.

What caused her death? Balls, dances, — dazzling balls;
They filled her soul with ecstasy and joy.
In dream and thought she glides through gilded halls,
The rhythmic music her whole soul enthrals,
And revels even her sleeping thoughts employ.

Then gaudy bawbles, — jewels, trinkets, rings,
Ribbons, and watered silks of many a shade,
Tissues as airy as an insect's wings,
Wreaths, bouquets, sashes, and a thousand things,
Might please a child when to her view displayed.

The ball begins. She with her sisters smiles,
And opes her fan within her dainty hand;
And then 'mid cushions soft a time beguiles,
As floats the joyous music from the band,
Filling her bounding heart with joy the while.

She was all joy and gladness and delight;
She brightened our sad lot like ray of sun,
For not at garish dance are all hearts light,
And oft is silken dress with cypress dight,
And weary feet tire ere the ball is done.

But she, borne round and round in mazy dance,
Again returned in breathless, wild delight;

The soft sweet music did her soul entrance,
Where gems and flowers, and all the wealth of France,
Mingled with noise of feet and tapers bright.

O joy ! to leap unheeding in the throng,
To feel in mazy dance the senses spread,
To know not if on clouds you float along,
Or to the earth or to the air belong,
Revolving under foot or overhead.

When through the windows peered the light of dawn
One morn, she waited there her cloak to find ;
She shivering shook, while her bare shoulders on
From the chill east a deadly breath had blown,
With killing blast of a cold, bitter wind.

What sorrow on the morrow there befell !
Good-bye to laughter, dress, and dance and jest ;
The dreary cough succeeds to songster's spell,
And fever's hues the rosy charms expel,
And starry eyes are quenched in sad unrest.

At fifteen dead ! So lovely, happy, young !
Long shall her cherished memory make us sigh.
Gone ! from her frantic mother rudely wrung

By grasp of Death from the gay crowd among,
And in cold coffin hid from mortal eye.

Decked all unknowing for the dance of Death, —
So eager was the monster her to win, —
The flower which graced her brow with latest breath
But yesterday, on coffin blossometh,
And slowly fades the dark, dank tomb within.

Alas, poor mother! that on such frail reed
Didst such a load of love unheeding lay.
Oft in her childhood didst thou sit and heed
Her cradle-bed, to watch and nurse and feed,
And kiss each foolish, trickling tear away.

And all for this! Ah, if the lovely maid
Now confined, food for worms (appalling thought!)
In the dark grave, where sadly she was laid,
Is wakened by some dread magician's aid,
Where spirits gather in enchanted spot,

A ghastly skeleton with horrid grin
Attends her wants in her dear mother's stead,
And prints an icy kiss on bloodless skin,
And twines her long, lean hands her hair within, —
The dark, long, waving tresses of her head.

Then to the goblin dance she leads the way,
Where ghosts whirl round and round in maddening
maze.
The moon looks down with an astonished ray,
And lunar rainbow in the cloudland grey
Sheds o'er the silent sky a mystic blaze.

IV.

O maidens, whom such festive *fêtes* decoy !
Ponder the story of this Spanish maid.
With eager heart, impatient for the joy,
Bereft of every pleasure, every toy,
Behold youth, beauty, life itself decayed.

From ball to ball the fated child was led ;
As of the bouquet, all the hues she tried ;
Her fair young life, alas ! how swiftly sped.
Like poor Ophelia by the river's bed,
While gathering life's brightest flowers she died.



Photographie de l'original

Procuré par l'État

ECSTASY.

I WAS alone beside the sea, upon a starry night,
And not a cloud was in the sky, and not a sail in
sight ;

Beyond the limits of the world far stretched my rap-
tured eye,

And the forests and the mountains, and nature all
around,

Seemed to unite in questioning, in vast and mingled
sound,

The billows of the ocean, and the splendour of the sky.

And the golden stars of heaven, in their unnumbered
crowd,

With harmonies ten thousand, with voices clear and
loud,

Replied, as low they bended down their radiant crowns
of flame —

And the blue floods that naught has power to govern
or arrest,

Replied, as low they bended down, the foam upon their
crest —

“ The Lord, our great Creator, his glory we proclaim ! ”

PIRATES' SONG.

WE 'RE bearing five-score Christian dogs
 To serve the cruel drivers ;
Some are fair beauties gently born,
 And some rough coral-divers.
We hardy skimmers of the sea
 Are lucky in each sally,
And eighty strong we send along
 The dreaded pirate galley.

A nunnery was spied ashore :
 We lowered away the cutter,
And, landing, seized the youngest nun
 Ere she a cry could utter ;
Beside the creek, deaf to our oars,
 She slumbered in green alley,
As eighty strong we sent along
 The dreaded pirate galley.

“ Be silent, darling, you must come.
 The wind is off shore blowing ;

You only change your prison dull
For one that 's splendid, glowing !
His Highness doats on milky cheeks,
So do not make us dally," —
We, eighty strong, who send along
The dreaded pirate galley.

She sought to flee back to her cell,
And called us each a devil.
We dare do aught becomes Old Scratch,
But like a treatment civil ;
So, spite of buffet, prayers, and calls —
Too late her friends to rally —
We, eighty strong, bore her along
Unto the pirate galley.

The fairer for her tears profuse,
As dews refresh the flower,
She is well worth three purses full,
And will adorn the bower ;
For vain her vow to pine and die,
Thus torn from her dear valley :
She reigns, and we still row along
The dreaded pirate galley.

THE TURKISH CAPTIVE.

O H, were I not a captive,
I should love this fair countree,
Those fields with maize abounding,
This ever-plaintive sea ;
I'd love those stars unnumbered,
If, passing in the shade,
Beneath our walls I saw not
The spahi's sparkling blade.

I am no Tartar maiden
That a blackamoor of price
Should tune my lute and hold to me
My glass of sherbet-ice.
Far from these haunts of vices,
In dear my countree, we
With sweethearts in the even
May chat and wander free.

But still I love this climate,
Where never wintry breeze

Invades, with chilly murmur,
 These open lattices ;
Where rain is warm in summer,
 And the insect glossy green,
Most like a living emerald,
 Shines 'mid the leafy screen.

With her chapelles fair Smyrna
 A gay princess is she !
Still, at her summons, round her
 Unfading spring ye see ;
And as in beauteous vases
 Bright groups of flowers repose,
So in her gulfs are lying
 Her archipelagoes.

I love these tall red turrets ;
 These standards brave unrolled ;
And, like an infant's playthings,
 These houses decked with gold
I love forsooth these reveries,
 Though sandstorms make me pant,
Voluptuously swaying
 Upon an elephant.

Here in this fairy palace,
Full of such melodies,
Methinks I hear deep murmurs
That in the deserts rise ;
Soft mingling with the music
The genii's voices pour,
Amid the air, unceasing,
Around us evermore.

I love the burning odours
This glowing region gives ;
And round each gilded lattice,
The trembling, wreathing leaves ;
And 'neath the bending palm-tree,
The gaily, gushing spring ;
And on the snow-white minaret,
The stork with snowier wing.

I love on mossy couch to sing
A Spanish roundelay,
And see my sweet companions
Around commingling gay, —
A roving band, light-hearted,
In frolicsome array, —
Who 'neath the screening parasols
Dance down the merry day.

But more than all enchanting
At night, it is to me,
To sit where winds are sighing,
Lone, musing by the sea ;
And on its surface gazing,
To mark the moon so fair
Her silver fan outspreading,
In trembling radiance there.

TO CRUEL OCEAN.

WHERE are the hapless shipmen ? — disappeared,
Gone down, when witness none, save Night,
hath been.

Ye deep, deep waves, of kneeling mothers feared,
What dismal tales know ye of things unseen, —
Tales that ye tell your whispering selves between
The while in clouds to the flood-tide ye pour !
And this it is that gives you, as I ween,
Those mournful voices, mournful evermore,
When ye come in at eve to us that dwell on shore.

MOONLIGHT ON THE BOSPHORUS.

BRIGHT shone the merry moonbeams dancing o'er
the wave ;

At the cool casement, to the evening breeze flung
wide,

Leans the sultana, and delights to watch the tide,
With surge of silvery sheen, yon sleeping islets lave.

From her hand, as it falls, vibrates the light guitar.

She listens — hark ! that sound that echoes dull and
low,

Is it the beat upon the archipelago
Of some long galley's oar, from Scio bound afar ?

Is it the cormorants, whose black wings, one by one,

Cut the blue wave that o'er them breaks in liquid
pearls ?

Is it some hovering sprite with whistling scream
that hurls

Down to the deep from yon old tower a loosened stone ?

Who thus disturbs the tide near the seraglio ?

'Tis no dark cormorants that on the ripple float,

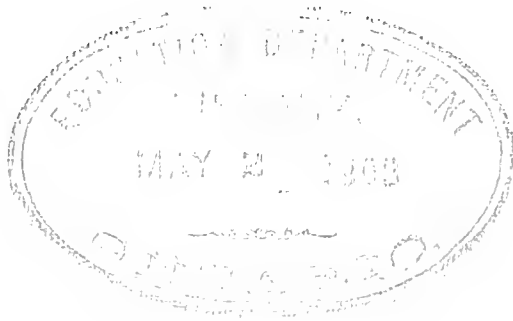
'Tis no dull plunge of stone — no oars of Turkish
boat,

With measured beat along the water creeping slow.

'Tis heavy sacks, borne each by voiceless, dusky slaves ;
And could you dare to sound the depths of yon dark
tide,

Something like human form would stir within its
side.

Bright shone the merry moonbeams dancing o'er the
wave.



THE VEIL.

THE SISTER.

WHAT has happened, my brothers? Your spirit
to-day

Some secret sorrow damps:

There's a cloud on your brow. What has happened?

Oh, say,

For your eyeballs glare out with a sinister ray

Like the light of funeral lamps;

And the blades of your poniards are half unsheathed

In your belt — and ye frown on me!

There's a woe untold, there's a pang unbreathed,

In your bosom, my brothers three!

ELDEST BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Hast thou, since the dawn,

To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn?

THE SISTER.

As I came, O my brother! at noon — from the bath —

As I came — it was noon, my lords —

And your sister had then, as she constantly hath,
Drawn her veil close around her, aware that the path
 Is beset by these foreign hordes.
But the weight of the noonday's sultry hour
 Near the mosque was so oppressive
That — forgetting a moment the eye of the Giaour —
 I yielded to th' heat excessive.

SECOND BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Whom, then, hast thou seen,
In a turban of white and a caftan of green?

THE SISTER.

Nay, *he* might have been there; but I muffled me so,
 He could scarcely have seen my figure.
But why to your sister thus dark do you grow?
What words to yourselves do you mutter thus low,
 Of "blood" and "an intriguer"?
Oh, ye cannot of murder bring down the red guilt
 On your souls, my brothers, surely!
Though I fear — from the hands that are chafing the
 hilt,
And the hints you give obscurely.

THIRD BROTHER.

Gulnara, this evening when sank the red sun,
Didst thou mark how like blood in descending it shone ?

THE SISTER.

Mercy ! Allah ! have pity ! oh, spare !

See ! I cling to your knees repenting !

Kind brothers, forgive me ! for mercy, forbear !

Be appeased at the cry of a sister's despair,

For our mother's sake relenting.

O God ! must I die ? They are deaf to my cries !

Their sister's life-blood shedding ;

They have stabbed me each one — I faint — o'er my
eyes

A veil of Death is spreading !

THE BROTHERS.

Gulnara, farewell ! Take *that* veil ; 't is the gift

Of thy brothers, — a veil thou wilt never lift !



De. 100 per Lamb. 111

Photography 8

CORNFLOWERS.

WHILE bright but scentless azure stars
 Be-gem the golden corn,
And spangle with their skyey tint
 The furrows not yet shorn ;
While still the pure white tufts of May
 Are each a snowy ball, —
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
 To gather ere they fall !

Nowhere the sun of Spain outshines
 Upon a fairer plain
Than Peñafiel's, or bestows
 More wealth of grass and grain.
Nowhere a broader square reflects
 Such brilliant mansions tall.
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
 To gather ere they fall !

Nowhere a statelier abbey rears
 Dome huger o'er a shrine,

Though seek ye from old Rome itself
To even Seville fine.
Here countless pilgrims come to pray
And promenade the Mall.
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall !

Where glide the girls more joyfully
Than ours who dance at dusk,
With roses white upon their brows,
With waists that scorn the busk ?
Mantillas elsewhere hide dull eyes, —
Compared with these, how small !
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall !

A blossom in a city lane,
Alizia was our pride ;
And oft the blundering bee, deceived,
Came buzzing to her side.
But, oh, for one that felt the sting,
And found, 'neath honey, gall !
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall !

Young, haughty, from still hotter lands,
A stranger hither came.
Was he a Moor or African,
Or Murcian known to fame?
None knew — least, she — or false or true,
By what name him to call.
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall!

Alizia asked not his degree, —
She saw him but as Love;
And through Xarama's vale they strayed,
And tarried in the grove.
Oh, curses on that fatal eve,
And on that leafy hall!
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall!

The darkened city breathed no more;
The moon was mantled long,
Till towers thrust the cloudy cloak
Upon the steeples' throng;
The crossway Christ, in ivy draped,
Shrank, grieving, 'neath the pall.
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall!

But while, alone, they kept the shade,
The other dark-eyed dears
Were murmuring on the stifling air
Their jealous threats and fears ;
Alizia was so blamed that time
Unheeded rang the call.
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall !

Although, above, the hawk describes
The circle round the lark,
It sleeps, unconscious, and our lass
Had eyes but for her spark —
A spark ? — a sun ! 'T was Juan, king !
Who wears our coronal.
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall !

A love so far above one's state
Ends sadly. Came a black
And guarded palanquin to bear
The girl that ne'er comes back.
By royal writ, some nunnery
Still shields her from us all.
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall !

THE DERVISH.

ALI came riding by: the highest head
Bent to the dust, o'ercharged with dread,
Whilst "God be praised!" all eried;
But through the throng one dervish prest,
Aged and bent, who dared arrest
The pasha in his pride.

"Ali Tepelini, light of all light,
Who hold'st the divan's upper seat by right,
Whose fame Fame's trump hath burst, —
Thou art the master of unnumbered hosts,
Shade of the sultan, yet he only boasts
In thee a dog accurst!

"An unseen tomb-torch flickers on thy path,
Whilst, as from phial full, thy spare-naught wrath
Splashes this trembling race;
These are thy grass as thou their trenchant seythe,
Cleaving their neck as 't were a willow withe:
Their blood none can efface.

“ But ends thy tether ! for Janina makes
A grave for thee where every turret quakes,
 And thou shalt drop below
To where the spirits, to a tree enchained,
Will clutch thee, there to be 'mid them retained
 For all-to-come in woe !

“ Or if, by happy chance, thy soul might flee
Thy victims after, thou shouldst surely see
 And hear thy crimes relate ;
Streaked with the guileless gore drained from their
 veins,
Greater in number than the reigns on reigns
 Thou hopedst for thy state.

“ This so will be ! and neither fleet nor fort
Can stay or aid thee as the deathly port
 Receives thy harried frame !
Though, like the cunning Hebrew knave of old,
To cheat the angel black thou didst enfold
 In altered guise thy name.”

Ali deemed anchorite or saint a pawn.
The crater of his blunderbuss did yawn ;
 Sword, dagger, hung at ease ;
But he had let the holy man revile,
Though clouds o'erswept his brow ; then, with a smile,
 He tossed him his pelisse.

DON RODRIGO.

A MOORISH BALLAD.

IN the chase roams Rodrigo,
Unshielded, unarmed,
With a hatred within him
That ne'er will be calmed,
Though he gloomily revels
O'er murder fresh done, —
Ruthless slaying of seven,
And each brother's own son !

But one stem of that brother
Is left in his path,
And seeketh the method
To reach him in wrath,
When he starts at a shadow
That slants on the sward,
And he sees a dark rider, —
His renegade ward !

“Now though you be Christian,
A knight or a Moor,
Tell the name and your station —
Or you will deplore !”
“Page of pertness, I 'm noble;
Rodrigo's my name,
And I cease not from seeking
My nephew of shame, —

“Mударра, the offspring
Of sinister bar,
Who stole from our mansion
A weapon of war;
'T is a family relic,
A poniard of price,
With the hilt of an agate:
I know the device.”

“If you well know that dagger
Know better this man,
Who has come with his vengeance
To shorten your span!
It is I am Mударра!
And this dagger sans sheath
Is avenging my brothers
In dealing you death !

THE LOST BATTLE.

O ALLAH! who will give me back my terrible array :
My emirs and my cavalry that shook the earth
to-day ;
My tent, my wide-extending camp, all dazzling to the
sight,
Whose watch-fires, kindled numberless beneath the brow
of night,
Seemed oft unto the sentinel that watched the mid-
night hours,
As heaven along the sombre hill had rained its stars in
showers ?
Where are my beys so gorgeous, in their light pelisses
gay,
And where my fierce Timariot bands, so fearless in the
fray ;
My dauntless khans, my spahis brave, swift thunder-
bolts of war ;
My sunburnt Bedouins, trooping from the Pyramids
afar,
Who laughed to see the labouring hind stand terrified
at gaze,

And urged their desert horses on amid the ripening
maize ?

These horses with their fiery eyes, their slight untiring
feet,

That flew along the fields of corn like grasshoppers so
fleet, —

What ! to behold again no more, loud charging o'er the
plain,

Their squadrons, in the hostile shot diminished all in
vain,

Burst grandly on the heavy squares, like clouds that
bear the storms,

Enveloping in lightning fires the dark resisting swarms ?
Oh, they are dead ! their housings bright are traile'd
amid their gore ;

Dark blood is on their manes and sides, all deeply
clotted o'er.

All vainly now the spur would strike these cold and
rounded flanks,

To wake them to their wonted speed amid the rapid
ranks :

Here the bold riders red and stark upon the sands lie
down,

Who in their friendly shadows slept throughout the
halt at noon.

O Allah ! who will give me back my terrible array ?
See where it straggles 'long the fields for leagues on
leagues away,
Like riches from a spendthrift's hand flung prodigal to
earth !
Lo ! steed and rider, — Tartar chiefs or of Arabian birth,
Their turbans and their cruel course, their banners and
their cries,
Seem now as if a troubled dream had passed before
mine eyes ;
My valiant warriors and their steeds, thus doomed to
fall and bleed !
Their voices rouse no echo now, their footsteps have no
speed !
They sleep, and have forgot at last the sabre and the bit ;
Yon vale, with all the corpses heaped, seems one wide
charnel-pit.
Long shall the evil omen rest upon this plain of dread, —
To-night, the taint of solemn blood ; to-morrow, of the
dead.
Alas ! 't is but a shadow now, that noble armament !
How terribly they strove, and struck from morn to eve
unspent,
Amid the fatal fiery ring, enamoured of the fight !
Now o'er the dim horizon sinks the peaceful pall of
night :

The brave have nobly done their work, and calmly sleep
at last.

The crows begin, and o'er the dead are gathering dark
and fast ;

Already through their feathers black they pass their
eager beaks.

North from the forest's distant depth, from bald and
barren peaks,

They congregate in hungry flocks and rend their gory
prey.

Woe to that flaunting army's pride, so vaunting yester-
day !

That formidable host, alas ! is coldly nerveless now
To drive the vulture from his gorge, or scare the carrion
crow.

Were now that host again mine own, with banner broad
unfurled,

With it I would advance, and win the empire of the
world.

Monarchs to it should yield their realms and veil their
haughty brows ;

My sister it should ever be, my lady, and my spouse.

Oh, what will unrestoring Death, that jealous tyrant
lord,

Do with the brave departed souls that cannot swing a
sword ?

Why turned the balls aside from me ? Why struck no
hostile hand

My head within its turban green upon the ruddy sand ?
I stood all-potent yesterday ; my bravest captains three,
All stirless in their tigers' selle, magnificent to see,
Hailed as before my gilded tent rose flowing to the
gales,

Shorn from the tameless desert steeds, three dark and
tossing tails.

But yesterday a hundred drums were heard when I
went by ;

Full forty agas turned their looks respectful on mine
eye,

And trembled with contracted brows within their hall
of state.

Instead of heavy catapults, of slow unwieldy weight,
I had bright cannons rolling on oak wheels in threat-
ening tiers,

And calm and steady by their sides marched English
cannoneers.

But yesterday, and I had towns and castles strong and
high,

And Greeks in thousands, for the base and merciless to
buy.

But yesterday, and arsenals and harems were my own ;

While now, defeated and proscribed, deserted and alone,
I flee away, a fugitive, and of my former power,
Allah ! I have not now at least one battlemented tower.
And must he fly, — the grand vizier ! the pasha of three
tails !

O'er the horizon's bounding hills, where distant vision
fails,

All stealthily, with eyes on earth, and shrinking from
the sight,

As a nocturnal robber holds his dark and breathless
flight,

And thinks he sees the gibbet spread its arms in
solemn wrath,

In every tree that dimly throws its shadow on his
path !

Thus, after his defeat, pale Reschid speaks ;
Among the dead we mourned a thousand Greeks.
Lone from the field the Pasha fled afar,
And musing, wiped his reeking scimitar ;
His two dead steeds upon the sands were flung,
And on their sides their empty stirrups hung.

THE LOVER'S WISH.

O H, were I the leaf that the wind of the west,
His course through the forest uncaring,
To sleep on the gale or the wave's placid breast
In a pendulous cradle is bearing,

All fresh with the morn's balmy kiss would I haste,
As the dewdrops upon me were glancing,
When Aurora sets out on the roseate waste,
And round her the breezes are dancing ;

On the pinions of air I would fly, I would rush
Thro' the glens and the valleys to quiver ;
Past the mountain ravine, past the grove's dreamy
hush,
And the murmuring fall of the river ;

By the darkening hollow and bramble-bush lane,
To catch the sweet breath of the roses ;
Past the land would I speed, where the sand-driven
plain
'Neath the heat of the noonday reposes ;

Past the rocks that uprear their tall forms to the sky,
 Whence the storm-fiend his anger is pouring ;
Past lakes that lie dead, tho' the tempest roll nigh,
 And the turbulent whirlwind be roaring ;

On, on would I fly, till a charm stopped my way, —
 A charm that would lead to the bower
Where the daughter of Araby sings to the day,
 At the dawn and the vesper hour.

Then hovering down, on her brow would I light,
 'Midst her golden tresses entwining,
That gleam like the corn when the fields are bright,
 And the sunbeams upon it shining.

A single frail gem on her beautiful head,
 I should sit in the golden glory ;
And prouder I'd be than the diadem spread
 Round the brow of kings famous in story.

EXPECTATION.

SQUIRREL, mount you oak so high,
To its twig that next the sky
Bends and trembles as a flower !
Strain, O stork ! thy pinion well ;
From thy nest 'neath old church-bell
Mount to yon tall citadel,
And its tallest donjon tower !
To your mountain, eagle old,
Mount, whose brow so white and cold
Kisses the last ray of even !
And, O thou that lov'st to mark
Morn's first sunbeam pierce the dark,
Mount, oh, mount, thou joyous lark, —
Joyous lark, oh, mount to heaven !
And now say, from topmost bough,
Towering shaft, and peak of snow,
And heaven's arch, — oh, can you see
One white plume that like a star
Streams along the plain afar,
And a steed that from the war
Bears my lover back to me ?

THE SACKING OF THE CITY.

THY will, O king, is done! Lighting but to
consume,
The roar of the fierce flames drowned even the shouts
and shrieks;
Reddening each roof, like some day-dawn of bloody
doom,
Seemed they in joyous flight to dance about their
wrecks.

Slaughter his thousand giant arms hath tossed on high,
Fell fathers, husbands, wives, beneath his streaming
steel;
Prostrate, the palaces, huge tombs of fire, lie,
While gathering overhead the vultures scream and
wheel.

Died the pale mothers; and the virgins, from their arms,
O caliph, fiercely torn, bewailed their young years
blight.

With stabs and kisses fouled, all their yet quivering
 charms

At our fleet coursers' heels were dragged in mocking
 flight.

Lo! where the city lies mantled in pall of death ;
 Lo! where thy mighty hand hath passed, all things
 must bend !

Priests prayed, the sword estopped blaspheming breath;
 Vainly their cheating book for shield did they extend.

Some infants yet survived, and the unsated steel
 Still drinks the life-blood of each whelp of Christian-
 kind,

To kiss thy sandal'd foot, O king, thy people kneel,
 And golden circlets to thy victor-ankle bind.

THE OBDURATE BEAUTY.

TO Juana ever gay,
Sultan Achmet spoke one day :
“ Lo, the realms that kneel to own
Homage to my sword and crown
All I'd freely cast away,
Maiden dear, for thee alone.”

“ Be a Christian, noble king !
For it were a grievous thing,
Love to seek and find too well
In the arms of infidel.
Spain with cry of shame would ring
If from honour faithful fell.

“ By these pearls whose spotless chain,
Oh, my gentle sovereign,
Clasps thy neck of ivory,
Aught thou askest I will be,
If that necklace pure of stain
Thou wilt give for rosary.”

NAPOLÉON.

ANGEL or demon ! thou, — whether of light
 The minister, or darkness — still dost sway
 This age of ours ; thine eagle's soaring flight
 Bears us, all breathless, after it away.

The eye that from thy presence fain would stray
 Shuns thee in vain ; thy mighty shadow thrown
 Rests on all pictures of the living day,
 And on the threshold of our time alone,
 Dazzling, yet sombre, stands thy form, Napoleon !

c

Thus, when the admiring stranger's steps explore
 The subject-lands that 'neath Vesuvius be,
 Whether he wind along the enchanting shore
 To Portici from fair Parthenope,
 Or, lingering long in dreamy reverie,
 O'er loveliest Ischia's od'rous isle he stray,
 Wooed by whose breath the soft and am'rous sea
 Seems like some languishing sultana's lay, —
 A voice for very sweets that scarce can win its way ;

Him, whether Pastum's solemn fane detain,
Shrouding his soul with meditation's power;
Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain
Of tarantella danced 'neath Tuscan tower,
Listening, he while away the evening hour;
Or wake the echoes, mournful, lone and deep,
Of that sad city, in its dreaming bower
By the volcano seized, where mansions keep
The likeness which they wore at that last fatal sleep;

Or be his bark at Posillippo laid,
While as the swarthy boatman at his side
Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleased shade, —
Ever he sees, throughout that circuit wide.
From shaded nook or sunny lawn espied,
From rocky headland viewed, or flow'ry shore,
From sea and spreading mead alike descried,
The Giant Mount, tow'ring all objects o'er,
And black'ning with its breath th' horizon evermore!

THE DJINNS.

TOWN, tower,
Shore, deep,
Where lower
Cliffs steep ;
Waves grey,
Where play
Winds gay,
All sleep.

Hark ! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night,
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire,
Roaring, bright.

Now on 't is sweeping
With rattling beat,

Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet ;
He flies, he prances,
In frolic fancies,
On wave-crest dances
With pattering feet.

Hark ! the rising swell,
With each new burst,
Like the tolling bell
Of a convent curst ;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore, —
Now hushed, but once more
Maddening to its worst.

O God ! the deadly sound
Of the djinns' fearful cry !
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase fly !
See, see our lamplight fade !
And of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade
Up to the ceiling high !

'T is the djinns' wild streaming swarm
Whistling in their tempest flight ;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
Like a pine flame crackling bright.
Swift though heavy, lo ! their crowd
Through the heavens rushing loud
Like a livid thunder-cloud
With its bolt of fiery might !

Ho ! they are on us, close without !
Shut tight the shelter where we lie !
With hideous din the monster rout,
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky !
The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like quivering reed ;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from its rusty hinge 't would fly !
Wild cries of hell ! voices that howl and shriek !
The horrid troop before the tempest tossed —
O Heaven ! — descends my lowly roof to seek.

Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host :
Totters the house as though, like dry leaf shorn
From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne
Up from its deep foundations it were torn
To join the stormy whirl. Ah, all is lost !

O Prophet ! if thy hand but now
Save from these hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I 'll bow,
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on the faithful's door in vain ;
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings !

They have passed ! and their wild legion
Cease to thunder at my door ;
Fleeting through night's rayless region,
Hither they return no more.
Clanking chains and sounds of woe
Fill the forests as they go ;
And the tall oaks cower low,
Bent their flaming light before.

On ! on ! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear,
Like locusts' humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the fitful gale
On some old roof-tree sere.

Fainter now are borne
 Feeble mutterings still;
As when Arab horn
 Swells its magic peal
Shoreward o'er the deep,
Fairy voices sweep,
And the infant's sleep
 Golden visions fill.

Each deadly djinn,
 Dark child of fright,
Of death and sin,
 Speeds in wild flight.
Hark, the dull moan,
Like the deep tone
Of Ocean's groan
 Afar, by night!

More and more
 Fades it slow,
As on shore
 Ripples flow,—
As the plaint,
Far and faint,
Of a saint
 Murmured low.

Hark ! hist !
Around,
I list !
The bounds
Of space
All trace
Efface
Of sound.

MY NAPOLEON.

A BOVE all others, everywhere I see
His image cold or burning ;
My brain it thrills, and many time sets free
The thoughts within me yearning.
My quivering lips pour forth the words
That cluster in his name of glory, —
The star gigantic with its ray of swords
Whose gleams irradiate all modern story.

I see his finger pointing where the shell
Should fall to slay most rabble
And save foul regicides, or strike the knell
Of weaklings 'mid the tribunes' babble.
A consul then, o'er young but proud,
With midnight poring thinned and sallow ;
But dreams of empire pierce the transient cloud,
And round pale face and lank locks form the halo.

And soon the Cæsar, with an eye a-flame,
Whole nations' contact urging

To gain his soldiers gold and flame !

O Sun on high emerging,

Whose dazzling lustre fired the hells

Embosomed in grim bronze, which, free, rose

To change five hundred thousand base-born Tells

Into his host of half-million heroes !

What ! next a captive ? Yea, and caged apart.

No weight of arms enfolded

Can crush the turmoil in that seething heart

Which Nature — not her journeymen — self moulded.

Let sordid jailers vex their prize ;

But only bends that bow to lightning,

As gazing from the seaward rock, his sighs

Cleave through the storm and haste where France
lay bright'ning.

Alone, but greater ! True, the sceptre's broke,

Yet lingers still some power.

In tears of woe man's metal may revoke

The temper of high hour ;

For, baiting breath, e'er list the kings, —

The pinion clipped may grow ! the eagle

May burst in frantic thirst for home the rings,

And rend the Bulldog, Fox, and Bear, and Beagle !

And, lastly, grandest ! 'tween dark sea and here
Eternal brightness coming !
The eye so weary 's freshened with a tear
As rises distant drumming
And wailing cheer — they pass the pale :
His army mourns, though still 's the end hid ;
And from his war-stained cloak, he answers, “ Hail !
And spurns the bed of gloom for throne aye splendid !

THE GREEK BOY.

ALL is ruin where rage recked no bounds :
Chio is levelled, and loathed by the hounds,
For shivered yest'reen was her lance ;
Violet vapours are poisoning the place
Where her true beauties of Beauty's true race
Were lately linked in the dance.

Dark is the desert, with one single soul,
Cerulean eyes ! whence burning tears roll
In the anguish of absolute shame,
Under the shadow of one shrub of May,
And that is blood-blotted, and drops in decay
Where the hot hand of lust fiercely came.

“Soft and sweet stripling nude, laced by the lash
Of the rein and the scabbard of wild Kuzzilbash,
What lack you for changing your sob, —
If not into laughs that beseem one a child,
Into utterance milder, though they 've defiled
The graves of your kindred they rob ?

“ Wouldst thou a trinket, a flower, a scarf,
Or money ? To soothe thee I ’m ready with half
Of these sequins a-shine in the sun.
There ’s wealth in my ship, and you need but to
speak ! ”
He spoke : and the cry of the son of the Greek
Was, “ Give me your dagger and gun ! ”

THE FAVOURITE SULTANA.

HAVE I not, lovely Jewess, say,
Enough thinned my seraglio?
Dearest, oh, cease to bid me slay!
Must every flirt of thy fan's play
Be followed by a headsman's blow?

Nay, rest awhile, O beauteous one!
Nor my poor flock devour quite.
Thine, thine, thou knowest, thine alone,
My heart, and even my realm and throne.
Why beg of me a death each night?

'Tis I, 'tis I that now entreat —
Full half of them already dead!
When you come nestling to my feet,
So tenderly, with look so sweet,
I always know you want a head.

Ah, jealousy of jealous wives!
So fair and yet so fierce beside!

Canst thou not spare some humble lives ?
Unharm'd the lowly grass-flower thrives
Beneath the rose's queenly pride.

Am I not thine ? Why carest thou,
Forever sovereign by thy smiles,
If in my wide seraglio
A hundred pretty slaves or so
Sigh o'er their unregarded wiles ?

In their unbroken solitude,
In hopeless envy let them pine ;
Let them pass by, as flows the flood
Thou smilest on in idle mood —
Is not my every hour thine ?

Thine all the realm that kneels to me, —
Stamboul, whose thousand spires leap
Skyward, so tall and arrowy,
That, cradled fair upon the sea,
It seems an anchored fleet asleep.

We've my red-turban'd spahis fleet,
(Thine, ne'er a rival sway to know) ;
As stream their swift mares' mingling feet,

Each gallant rider in his seat
Like rower to his oar bent low.

Thine, thine, Balsora, Trebizond,
Cyprus, where names so great are grave ;
Fez, where rich sands of gold abound ;
Mazool, where a world's mart is found ;
Erzeroum, with its streets jade-paved.

Thine Smyrna, all so fair outspread,
Smiling above her foam-white shore ;
Ganges, the Hindoo widows' dread ;
And Danube, from whose boundless bed
Unto the sea fair rivers pour !

Say, fearest thou Ionia's maid ?
Damanhoor's lily, pale and bland ?
Or flaming eye and brow of shade
By Ethiopia's sunblaze made,
Like tigress of the same dark land ?

Then on these humble flowers here
Cease to call down the tempest's might ;
Enjoy thy conquest free from fear,
Nor claim a head for every tear
That dims those soft eyes' liquid light.

Thy bowers, the bath, cool coral cave,
Thy gems, — with these thy dreams be filled :
Thy fairy barks upon the wave.
The sultan must sultanas have,
As gems must deck the poniard's hilt.

ZARA THE BATHER.

IN a swinging hammock lying,
 Lightly flying,
Zara, lovely, indolent,
 O'er a fountain's crystal wave
 There to lave
Her young beauty, see her bent.

As she leans, so sweet and soft,
 Flitting oft,
O'er the mirror to and fro,
 Seems that airy floating bat
 Like a feather
From some sea-gull's wing of snow.

Every time the frail boat laden
 With the maiden
Skims the water in its flight,
 Starting from its trembling sheen
 Swift are seen
A white foot and neck so white.



As that lithe foot's timid tips
 Quick she dips,
Passing, in the rippling pool,
 (Blush, O snowiest ivory !)
 Frolic, she
Laughs to feel the pleasant cool.

Here displayed, —but half concealed,
 Half revealed, —
Each bright charm shall you behold,
 In her innocence emerging,
 As a-verging
On the wave her hands grow cold.

For no star howe'er divine
 Has the shine
Of a maid's pure loveliness,
 Frightened if a leaf but quivers
 As she shivers,
Veiled with naught but dripping trees.

By the happy breezes fanned
 See her stand ;
Blushing like a living rose,

On her bosom swelling high
If a fly
Dare to seek a sweet repose.

In those eyes which maiden pride
Fain would hide,
Mark how passion's lightnings sleep!
And their glance is brighter far
Than the star
Brightest in heaven's bluest deep.

O'er her limbs the glittering current
In soft torrent
Rains adown the gentle girl,
As if drop by drop, should fall,
One and all,
From her necklace every pearl.

Lengthening still the reckless pleasure
At her leisure,
Care-free Zara, ever slow,
As the hammock floats and swings
Smiles, and sings,
To herself, so sweet and low, —

“Oh, were I a capitana,
Or sultana,
Amber should be always mixt
In my bath of jewelled stone,
Near my throne,
Griffins twain of gold betwixt.

“Then my hammock should be silk,
White as milk;
And, more soft than down of dove,
Velvet cushions where I sit
Should emit
Perfumes that inspire love.

“Then should I, no danger near,
Free from fear,
Revel in my garden's stream;
Nor amid the shadows deep
Dread the peep
Of two dark eyes' kindling gleam.

“He who thus would play the spy,
On the die
For such sight his head must throw;

In his blood the sabre naked
Would be slakèd,
Of my slaves of ebon brow.

“Then my rich robes trailing show
As I go, —
None to chide should be so bold;
And upon my sandals fine
How should shine
Rubies worked in cloth-of-gold!”

Fancying herself a queen,
All unseen,
Thus vibrating in delight;
In her indolent coquetting
Quite forgetting
How the hours wing their flight.

As she lists the showery tinkling
Of the sprinkling
By her wanton curvets made,
Never pauses she to think
Of the brink
Where her wrapper white is laid,

To the harvest-fields the while,
 In long file,
Speed her sisters' lively band,
 Like a flock of birds in flight
 Streaming light,
Dancing onward hand-in-hand.

And they 're singing, every one,
 As they run ;
This the burden of their lay :
 " Fie upon such idleness !
 Not to dress
Earlier on harvest-day ! "

1

LES CHÂTIMENTS.

LES CHÂTIMENTS.

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

I.

ART, — 't is a glory, a delight;
I' the tempest it holds fire-flight;
It irradiates the deep blue sky.
Art, splendour infinite,
On the brow of the People doth sit,
As a star in God's heaven most high.

Art, — 't is a broad-flowered plain
Where Peace holds belovèd reign;
'T is the passionate unison
Of music the city hath made
With the country, the man with the maid,
All sweet songs made perfect in one!

Art, — 't is Humanity's thought
Which shatters chains century-wrought!
Art, — t' is the conqueror sweet!

Unto Art, each world-river, each sea !
Slave-People, 't is Art makes free ;
Free People, 't is Art makes great !

II.

O chivalrous France! without cease
Chant loudly thy hymn of peace, —
Chant, with eyes fixed on the sky !
Thy joyous voice and profound
Through the slumbering world doth resound.
O noble People, chant high !

True People, chant gladly the dawn !
At even raise song as at morn !
After labour sweet singing should be.
Laugh for the century o'erthrown !
Sing love in a tender tone,
And loudlier chant liberty !

Chant Italy sacred and sweet ;
Poor Poland, slain sons at her feet ;
Naples, whose heart-blood outpours ;
Hungary, the Russian's base vaunt !
O tyrants ! the People doth chant
Even as the lion roars.

THE EXILE'S CHOICE.

SINCE justice slumbers in the abysm,
Since the crime's crowned with despotism,
Since all most upright souls are smitten,
Since proudest souls are bowed for shame,
Since on the walls in lines of flame
My country's dark dishonour's written;

O grand Republic of our sires,
Pantheon filled with sacred fires,
In the free azure golden dome,
Temple with shades immortal thronged!
Since thus thy glory they have wronged,
With "Empire" staining Freedom's home;

Since in my country each soul born
Is base; since there are laughed to scorn
The true, the pure, the great, the brave,
The indignant eyes of history,
Honour, law, right, and liberty,
And those, alas! within the grave:

Solitude, exile ! I love them !
Sorrow, be thou my diadem !
Poverty love I, — for 't is pride !
My rugged home winds beat upon ;
And even that awful Statue wan
Aye seated silent by my side.

I love the woe that proves me strong ;
That shadow of fate which all ye throng,
O ye to whom high hearts aye bow, —
Faith, Virtue veiled, stern Dignity,
And thou, proud Exile, Liberty,
And, nobler yet, Devotion, thou !

I love this islet lonely, bold, —
Jersey, wherever England's old
Free banner doth the storm-blast brave ;
You darkling ocean's ebb and flow,
Its vessels, each a wandering plough,
Whose mystic furrow is the wave.

I love thy gull, with snowy wing
In pearls to the wind blithe scattering,
O Ocean vast, thy sunny spray ;

Who darts beneath huge billows gaping,
Soon from those monstrous throats escaping
As a soul from sorrow flits away !

I love the rock, — how solemn, stern !
Thence hearkening aye the plaint eterne
On the wild air around me shed,
Ever the sullen night outpours,
Of waves that sob on sombre shores,
Of mothers mourning children dead !

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

IT snowed. A defeat was our conquest red !
For once the eagle was hanging its head.
Sad days ! the Emperor turned slowly his back
On smoking Moscow, blent orange and black.
The winter burst, avalanche-like, to reign
Over the endless blanched sheet of the plain.
Nor chief nor banner in order could keep,
The wolves of warfare were 'wilderer like sheep.
The wings from centre could hardly be known
Through snow o'er horses and carts o'erthrown,
Where froze the wounded. In the bivouacs forlorn
Strange sights and gruesome met the breaking morn :
Mute were the bugles, while the men bestrode
Steeds turned to marble, unheeding the goad.
The shells and bullets came down with the snow
As though the heavens hated these poor troops below.
Surprised at trembling, though it was with cold,
Who ne'er had trembled out of fear, the veterans bold
Marched stern ; to grizzled moustache hoar-frost clung
'Neath banners that in leaden masses hung.

It snowed, — went snowing still. And chill the breeze
Whistled upon the glassy, endless seas,
Where naked feet on, on forever went,
With naught to eat, and not a sheltering tent.
They were not living troops as seen in war,
But merely phantoms of a dream, afar
In darkness wandering, amid the vapour dim, —
A mystery ; of shadows a procession grim,
Nearing a blackening sky, unto its rim.
Frightful, since boundless, solitude behold
Where only Nemesis wove, mute and cold,
A net all snowy with its soft meshes dense,
A shroud of magnitude for host immense ;
Till every one felt as if left alone
In a wide wilderness where no light shone,
To die, with pity none, and none to see
That from this mournful realm none should get free.
Their foes the frozen North and Czar, — that, worst.
Cannon were broken up in haste accurst
To burn the frames and make the pale fire high,
Where those lay down who never woke, or woke to die.
Sad and commingled, groups that blindly fled
Were swallowed smoothly by the desert dread.

'Neath folds of blankness, monuments were raised
O'er regiments ; and History, amazed,

Could not record the ruin of this retreat, —
Unlike a downfall known before, or the defeat
Of Hannibal, reversed and wrapped in gloom,
Of Attila, when nations met their doom !
Perished an army, — fled French glory then,
Though there the Emperor ! He stood and gazed
At the wild havoc, like a monarch dazed
In woodland hoar, who felt the shrieking saw :
He, living oak, beheld his branches fall, with awe.
Chiefs, soldiers, comrades died. But still warm love
Kept those that rose all dastard fear above,
As on his tent they saw his shadow pass,
Backwards and forwards ; for they credited, alas !
His fortune's star ! It could not, could not be
That he had not his work to do — a destiny ?
To hurl him headlong from his high estate,
Would be high-treason in his bondman, Fate.
But all the while he felt himself alone,
Stunned with disasters few have ever known.
Sudden, a fear came o'er his troubled soul, --
What more was written on the Future's scroll ?
Was this an expiation ? It must be, yea !
He turned to God for one enlightening ray.
“ Is this the vengeance, Lord of Hosts ? ” he sighed ;
But the first murmur on his parched lips died.
“ Is this the vengeance ? Must my glory set ? ”

A pause: his name was called; of flame a jet
Sprang in the darkness; a Voice answered: "No!
Not yet."

Outside still fell the smothering snow.
Was it a voice indeed, or but a dream?
It was the vulture's, but how like the sea-bird's scream.



INDIGNATION.

THOU who loved Juvenal, and filed
His style so sharp to scar imperial brows,
And lent the lustre lightening
The gloom in Dante's murky verse that flows, —
Muse Indignation! haste, and help
My building up before this roseate realm
And its fruitless victories,
Whence transient shame Right's prophets over-
whelm,
So many pillories deserved,
That eyes to come will pry without avail
Upon the wood impenetrant,
And glean no glitter of its tarnished tale.

HYMN OF THE TRANSPORTED.

LET us pray ! Lo, the shadow serene !
God, towards thee our arms are upraised and
our eyes.

They who proffer thee here their tears and their chain
Are the most sorrowful thy sorrow tries.
Most honour have they, being possessed of most pain.

Let us suffer ! The crime will take flight.
Birds passing our cottages ;
Winds passing, — on weary knees
Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night !
Winds, tell them our miseries !
Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight !

Our thought is uplifted to thee,
God ! The proscribed we beseech thee forget,
But give back her old glory to France, whom we see
Shame-smitten ; ay ! slay us, — us sorrow-beset ;
Hot day but consigns to chill night's agony !

Let us suffer ! The crime will take flight.
Birds passing our cottages ;
Winds passing, — on weary knees
Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night !
Winds, tell them our miseries !
Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight !

As a bowman striketh a mark,
The fierce sun smites us with shafts of fire ;
After dire day-labour, no sleep in night dark ;
The bat that takes wing from the marish-mire —
Fever — flaps noiseless our brows and leaves stark.

Let us suffer ! The crime will take flight.
Birds passing our cottages ;
Winds passing, — on weary knees
Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night !
Winds, tell them our miseries !
Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight !

Athirst ! The scant water-drop burns !
An-hungered, — black bread ! Work, work, ye accurst !
At each stroke of the pick wild laughter returns
Loud-echoed ; lo ! from the soil Death hath burst,
Round a man folds arms, and to sleep anew turns.

Let us suffer ! The crime will take flight.
 Birds passing our cottages ;
 Winds passing, — on weary knees
 Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night !
 Winds, tell them our miseries !
 Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight !

What matters it ! Nothing can tame
 Us ; we are tortured, and we are content.
 And we thank high God, towards whom like flame
 Our hymn burneth, that unto us suffering is sent,
 When all they that endure not suffering bear shame.

Let us suffer ! The crime will take flight.
 Birds passing our cottages ;
 Winds passing, — on weary knees
 Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night !
 Winds, tell them our miseries !
 Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight !

Live the Republic world-great !
 Peace to the vast mysterious even !
 Peace to the dead, sweet slumber doth sate !
 To wan ocean peace, that blends beneath heaven
 Africa's sob with Cayenne's wail of hate !

Let us suffer ! The crime will take flight.
Birds passing our cottages ;
Winds passing, — on weary knees
Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night !
Winds, tell them our miseries !
Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight !



NAPOLEON "THE LITTLE."

HOW well I knew this stealthy wolf would howl
When in the eagle talons ta'en in air !
A-glow, I snatched thee from thy prey, fowl !
I held thee, abject conqueror, just where
All see the stigma of a fitting name
As deeply red as deeply black 's thy shame !
And though thy matchless impudence may frane
Some mask of seeming courage, spite thy sneer
(And thou assurest sloth and skunk, "It does not
hurt!")
Thou feel'st it burning, in and in ; and Fear
Says, "None forget it till shall hide congenial dirt !"

THE TRUMPETS OF THE MIND.

SOUND, sound forever, clarions of thought !

When Joshua 'gainst the high-walled city fought,
He marched around it with his banner high,
His troops in serried order following nigh,
But not a sword was drawn, no shaft outsprang ;
Only the trumpets the shrill onset rang.
At the first blast, smiled scornfully the king,
And at the second sneered, half-wondering :
“ Hop’st thou with noise my stronghold to break
dowr ? ”

At the third round the ark of old renown
Swept forward, still the trumpets sounding loud,
And then the troops with ensigns waving proud.
Stepped out upon the old walls children dark,
With horns to mock the notes and hoot the ark.
At the fourth turn, braving the Israelites,
Women appeared upon the crenelated heights —
Those battlements embrowned with age and rust —
And hurled upon the Hebrews stones and dust,

And spun and sang when weary of the game.
At the fifth circuit came the blind and lame,
And with wild uproar clamorous and high
Railed at the clarion ringing to the sky.
At the sixth time, upon a tower's tall crest,
So high that there the eagle built his nest,
So hard that on it lightning lit in vain,
Appeared in merriment the king again :
“ These Hebrew Jews musicians are, me-seems ! ”
He scoffed, loud laughing, “ but they live on dreams.”
The princes laughed submissive to the king,
Laughed all the courtiers in their glittering ring,
And thence the laughter spread through all the town.

At the seventh blast the city walls fell down.

PATRIA.

WHO smiles there? Is it
A stray spirit,
Or woman fair?
Sombre yet soft the brow!
Bow, nations, bow;
O soul in air,
Speak! what art thou?

In grief the fair face seems.
What means those sudden gleams?
Our antique pride from dreams
Starts up, and beams
Its conquering glance,
To make our sad hearts dance,
And wake in woods hushed long
The wild bird's song.
Angel of Day!
Our hope, love, stay,
Thy countenance

Lights land and sea
Eternally :
Thy name is France,
Or Verity.

Fair angel, in thy glass
When vile things move or pass,
Clouds in the skies amass ;
Terrible, alas !
Thy stern commands are then :
“ Form your battalions, men ;
The flag display ! ”
And all obey.
Angel of Might
Sent kings to smite,
The words in dark skies glance,
“ Mene, Mene,” hiss
Bolts that never miss !
Thy name is France,
Or Nemesis.

As halcyons in May,
O nations ! in his ray
Float and bask for aye,
Nor know decay.

One arm upraised to heaven
Seals the past forgiven ;
One holds a sword
To quell hell's horde.
Angel of God,
Thy wings stretch broad
As heaven's expanse,
 To shield and free
 Humanity !
Thy name is France,
 Or Liberty !

SUNRISE.

F^{OUL} times there are when nations spiritless
 Throw honour away
For tinsel glory, to base happiness
 A mournful prey.

Then from the nations, fain of lustful rest,
 Dull slavery's dreams,
All virtue ebbs, as from a sponge tight-prest
 Clear water streams.

Then men, to vice and folly docile slaves,
 Aye lowly inclined,
Ape the vile, fearful reed that stoops and waves
 For every wind.

Then feasts and kisses ; naught that saith the soul
 Stirs shame or dread ;
One drinks, one eats, one sings, one skips, — is foul
 And comforted.

Crime, ministered to by loathsome lackeys, reigns ;
 Yea, 'neath God's fires
Laughs ; and ye shiver, sombre dread remains
 Of glorious sires.

All life seems foul, with vice intoxicate,
 Aye, thus to be. —
Sudden a clarion unto all winds elate
 Peals liberty !

And the dull world whose soul this blast doth smite,
 Is like to one
Drunken all night, up-staggering 'neath the light
 O' the risen sun !

THE OCEAN'S SONG.

WE walked amongst the ruins famed in story
Of Rozel-Tower,
And saw the boundless waters stretch in glory
And heave in power.

O Ocean vast ! we heard thy song with wonder,
Whilst waves marked time.
“Appear, O Truth !” thou sang’st with tone of thunder,
“And shine sublime !

“The world’s enslaved and hunted down by beagles,
To despots sold.
Souls of deep thinkers, soar like mighty eagles !
The Right uphold.

“Be born ! arise ! o’er earth and wild waves bounding,
Peoples and suns !
Let darkness vanish ; tocsins be resounding,
And flash, ye guns !

“ And you who love no pomps of fog or glamour,
Who fear no shocks,
Brave foam and lightning, hurricane and clamour,—
Exiles: the rocks !”



THE WORST TREASON.

THE deepest infamy man can attain,
Is or'to strangle Rome, or France enchain;
Whate'er the place, the land, the city be,
'T is to rob man of soul and liberty;
'T is with drawn sword the senate to invade,
And murder law in its own court betrayed.
To enslave the land is guilt of such black dye,
It is ne'er quitted by God's vengeful eye;
The crime once done, the day of grace expires,
Heaven's punishment, which, howe'er slow, ne'er tires,
Begins to march, and comes serene and calm,
With her steel knotted whip beneath her arm.

SEA-SONG OF THE EXILES.

DEAR land, farewell !
Waves surge and swell.
Dear land, farewell, —
Blue sky !

Farewell, white cot whence the ripe grapes fall,
Gold blooms that bask on the mossy wall !

Dear land, farewell !
Hill, plain, and dell !
Dear land, farewell, —
Blue sky !

Dear land, farewell !
Waves surge and swell.
Dear land, farewell, —
Blue sky !

Farewell, betrothed, with the pure, pale brow ;
'Neath sombre heaven dark billows we plough.

Dear land, farewell !
In thee our loves dwell ;
Dear land, farewell, —
Blue sky !

Dear land, farewell !
Waves surge and swell.
Dear land, farewell, —
Blue sky !

Our eyes, whose tears all brightness blot,
Leave the dark wave for a darker lot !

Dear land, farewell !
In our heart 's a knell.
Dear land, farewell, —
Blue sky !

THE IMPERIAL MANTLE.¹

O YE whose labour is bliss alway,
Blithe-wingèd ones who have for prey
But odorous breaths of azure skies,
Who, ere December come, far flee,
Sweet thieves of sweetest blooms ! O ye
Who bear to men the honey prize,

Chaste sippers of the morning dew,
Who visit 'neath noon's amorous blue
The lily glowing like a star,
Fond sisters of May's flowerets bright,
Bees, blithesome daughters of the light,
From that foul mantle flit afar !

Winged warriors, rush upon that man !
O busy toilers, noble clan,
For duty and virtue arduous,
With golden wings, keen darts of flame,
Swarm round that dull foul thing of shame.
And hiss, " For what hast taken us ?

¹ This poem alludes to the use of the bee as a badge by Napoleon III.

“Accurst! We are the honey-bees!
Our hives the pride of cottages,
From homeliest flowers our sweetest sips!
Though oft, what time warm June discloses
For love of us his loveliest roses,
We’re fain to alight on Plato’s lips!

“What’s born of mire, to mire’s inclined.
Go! in his lair Tiberius find,
Charles Nine his balcony upon.
Go, go! Hymettus’ bees scarce grace
Your purple; there behooves you place
The black foul swarm of Montfaucon!”

And all together sting him there.
O tiny warriors of the air!
Sting blind this traitor soulless, base;
Upon him swarm from far and near,
And, since the men of France have fear,
Let bees of France the monster chase!

A LAMENT.

“O PATHS whereon wild grasses wave,
O valleys, hillsides, forests hoar !
Why are ye silent as the grave ?”

“For one who came, and comes no more !”

“Why is thy window closed of late ?
And why thy garden in its sere ?
O house ! where doth thy master wait ?”
“I only know he is not here.”

“Good dog, thou watchest ; yet no hand
Will feed thee. In the house is none.
Whom weepest thou, child ?” “My father.”
“And,
O wife ! whom weepest thou ?” “The Gone.”

“Where is he gone ?” “Into the dark.”
“O sad and ever-plaining surge !
Whence art thou ?” “From the convict-bark.”
“And why thy mournful voice ?” “A dirge.”

IMPERIAL REVELS.

CHEER, courtiers ! round the splendid spread, —
The board that groans with shame and plate ;
Still fawning to the sham-crowned head
That hopes its brass will turn its fate !
Drink till the comer last is full,
And never hear in revels' lull,
Grim Vengeance forging arrows fleet,
Whilst I gnaw at the crust
Of Exile in the dust —
But honour makes it sweet !

Ye cheaters in the trickster's fane,
Who dupe yourself and trickster-chief,
In blazing cafés spend the gain,
But draw the blind lest at *his* thief
Some fresh-made beggar gives a glance
And interrupts with steel the dance !
But let him toilsomely tramp by,
As I myself afar
Follow no gilded car
In ways of honesty.

Ye troopers who shot mothers down,
And marshals whose brave cannonade
Broke infant arms and split the stone
Where slumbered age and guileless maid, —
Though blood is in the cup you fill,
Pretend it “rosy” wine, and still
Hail cannon “king,” and steel the “queen!”
But I prefer to sup
From Philip Sidney’s cup, —
True soldier’s draught serene.

O workmen, seen by me sublime,
When wrenched ye from the tyrant, peace!
Can you be dazed by tinselled crime,
And find no foe beneath the fleece?
Build palaces where fortunes feast,
And on your backs bear loads of beast,
Though once such masters you made flee!
But then, like me, you ate
Food of an endless *fête*, —
The bread of Liberty!

SONG.

HE shines through history like a sun.
For thrice five years
He bore bright victory through the dun
King-shadowed spheres ;
Proud Europe 'neath his law of might
Low-bowed the knee.
Thou, poor ape, hobble after aright,
Petit, petit !

Napoleon in the roar of fight,
Calm and serene,
Guided athwart the fiery flight
His eagle keen.
Upon Arcola bridge he trod,
And came forth free.
Come ! here is gold ; adore thy god,
Petit, petit !

Viennas were his lights-o'-love,
He ravished *them* ;

Blithely he seized brave heights above
By the iron hem ;
Castles caught he by the curls,
His brides to be :
For thee here are the poor, pale girls,
Petit, petit !

He passed o'er mountains, deserts, plains,
Having in hand
The palm, the lightning, and the reins
Of every land ;
Drunken, he tottered on the brink
Of deity.
Here is sweet blood ! quick, run to drink,
Petit, petit !

Then, when he fell, loosening the world,
The abysmal sea
Made wide her depths for him, down-hurled
By Liberty ;
Th' archangel plunged from where he stood,
And earth breathed free.
Thou ! drown thyself in thy own mud,
Petit, petit !

AN EXILE'S DEATH.

OF what does this poor exile dream ?
His garden-plot, his dewy mead,
Perchance his tools, perchance his team, —
But ever of murdered France indeed ;
Her memory makes his sad heart bleed.
While those that slew her clutch their pay,
The exile pleads with bitter cry :
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain — how fain ! — to die.

The workman sees his workshop still,
And the poor peasant his loved cot ;
Sweet homely flowers on the window-sill,
Or the bright hearth (when flowers bloom not)
Smiling on all things unforgot, —
E'en flickering on that nook whence aye
His grandam's bed erst met his eye.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home one's fain — how fain ! — to die.

In springtime swarm the honey-bees ;
Pert sparrows, quick heaven's gifts to share,
Blithe 'mong the barley-crop one sees ;
Sad little rogues, sans thought or care
They rob, as though they eagles were. .
An old-world château, ivied, grey,
Crumbles the snug farmstead anigh.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain — how fain ! — to die.

With file and mallet one can live
And keep one's wife and youngsters bright ;
One works from faintest dawn till eve,
And in the toil finds true delight.
O sacred labour ! life and light !
Our fathers toiled till, wearied, they
Resigned the tools with a smile or sigh.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain — how fain ! — to die.

On holidays, the artisan,
His tools and cares all cheerily stowing,
Singing brave songs which bless or ban,
Cap jaunty on brow, blouse loosely flowing,
Forth to some festal haunt is going.

One eats a rabbit (so they say !)
And quaffs sour wine of Hungary.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain — how fain ! — to die.

On Sundays aye the peasant strong
Sings out for Jeanne or Jacqueline :
“ Now, sweetheart, quickly come along, —
I warrant me, with ribbons fine, —
To dance on the hill till stars bright shine.”
The sabot hath a tricksy way
Of making music in July.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain — how fain ! — to die.

Mournfully aye the exiles muse,
With spirit, — alas ! nigh broken down.
Still they regard the darkling yews
That on green peaceful graves still frown.
One dreams of Germany, and one
Of poor bruised Poland, hapless prey,
And one of beauteous Italy.
One cannot live with bread away ;
Afar from home, one's fain — how fain ! — to die.

An exile, tired of hopeless pain,

Lay dying ; calm, scarce sad, looked he.

"Why die?" I gently asked him then.

He answered, "Is life sweet to thee?"

Then smiled, "I shall at length be free!

Farewell, I die. O France, for aye

Thee shall the tyrant crucify?"

One cannot live with bread away ;

Afar from home, one's fain — how fain ! — to die.

"I die because I see no longer

The fields, erewhile the world to me.

I die, because I hear no longer

The birds, my whole world's melody.

My soul is where I cannot be.

"Twixt four rough planks my body lay,

And bury me, — I care not, I!"

One cannot live with bread away ;

Afar from home, one's fain — how fain ! — to die.

APOSTROPHE TO NATURE.

O SUN! bright face aye undefiled;
O flowers i' the valley blooming wild;
Caverns, dim haunt of Solitude;
Perfume whereby one's step's beguiled
Deep, deep into the sombre wood;

O sacred mounts that heavenward climb,
White as a temple-front, sublime;
Old oaks that centuries' might inherit
(Somewhat whereof I feel, what time
'Neath you I stand, endues my spirit);

O virgin forest, crystal spring,
Lake where no storm for long can fling
Darkness, clear heaven-reflecting face, —
Pure soul of Nature unslumbering,
What think you of this bandit base?

POOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

MOTHER birdie stiff and cold,
Puss has hushed the other's singing ;
Winds go whistling o'er the wold,
Empty nest in sport a-flinging :
Poor little birdies !

Faithless shepherd strayed afar,
Playful dog the gadflies catching ;
Wolves bound boldly o'er the bar,
Not a friend the fold is watching :
Poor little lambkins !

Father into prison fell,
Mother begging through the parish ;
Baby's cot they too will sell :
Who will now feed, clothe, and cherish ?
Poor little children !

NO.

LET Sparta daggers use, and Rome the sword,
But let not us in haste revenge to fetch,
A Brutus to knave Bonaparte afford,
But for a bitterer future keep the wretch.

I warrant you, you shall be satisfied, —
You, by whom exile's grievous weight is borne;
Captives and martyrs, now by him defied,
You shall be sated, — you who grieve and mourn.

Still in the scabbard leave the impatient blade;
The guilty ne'er is pardoned by his crime.
Trust the commands of God, though long delayed
(The patient judge), to his avenger, — Time.

Let him then live in depths of infamy;
His blood would e'en disgrace the headsman's stroke!
Let Time, the terrible unknown, draw nigh,
Who chastisement holds hidden 'neath his cloak.

Let him be crowned as deepest in disgrace,
The master of low brows and hearts defiled;
Let senators vote empires to his race,
If he can find a mate and have a child.

By means of Mass and murder let him reign;
Of this arch-rogue an emperor let them make;
And let the grovelling Church, his courtesan,
Glide to his den, and there his bed partake.

Let Sibour honour, Troplong hold him dear;
Let them his foot, deep-dipped in blood, embrace;
Let Cæsar live, — Louvel and Lacenaire
Would count the killing such a knave disgrace.

Kill not this man, ye who on vengeance think —
Mysterious dreamers, solitary, strong —
Who, while his minions feast and with him drink,
Walks with clinched fist the murdered dead among.

Our triumph is secure with help from high;
Than fury's bolt, example reckons more.
No! kill him not; the scathing pillory
Graced sometimes should be by an emperor.

SACER ESTO.

NO, Freedom! People, no! He must not die, —
'T would be too simple, too unscorned an end,
After all law destroyed. The hour's brought nigh
When holy shame must back to heaven ascend.

After his blood-wager, so foully won,
Conqueror by ambush laid, by fire and sword;
After his perjury, plots, murders done,
His false oath taken, — crime by God abhorred;

After he has dragged France, stabbed to the heart,
To his polluted car tied by the feet,
Should the vile wretch by a sword-stroke depart,
And death like Pompey or like Cæsar meet?

No! He th' assassin is who basely killed,
Who sabred, and shot down without remorse;
Who has made houses empty, graves has filled,
And walks 'neath the fixed gaze of many a corpse!

By this man's deed — ephemeral emperor —

Daughters and sons are fatherless and sad ;

The widow weeps, kneels, sobs, her anguish o'er ;

The mother seems a ghost in mourning clad.

The reels which weave his robes of royalty.

Deep dyed, are wound about with blood-stained
thread ;

Montmartre's boulevard doth the vat supply,

And steeps his mantle in imperial red !

He exiles you to Afric, to Cayenne —

Heroes and martyrs, whom he convicts calls

His dripping guillotine its knife doth stain,

And drop by drop the blood upon him falls.

When livid treason, of his crimes the guide,

Raps at his door, he welcomes his ally.

He is the fratricide, the parricide :

People, on this account he must not die !

Keep the man living. Noble punishment !

Would that some day him we may wandering find,

Naked, crouched, shivering, like reed tempest-bent,

Beneath the execration of mankind !

Clasped by the past, crammed with those crimes
of his,

As with a crown all bristling o'er with nails ;
Seeking dark spots, — the forest, the abyss ;
Pale, scared, and whom the wolf as kindred hails ;

In some vile hulks, fetters his only sound,
Telling to the deaf rocks his vain despair ;
Alone, alone, silence and hate around ;
Men nowhere near, and spectres everywhere !

Aged, rejected by Death's scornful hand,
Doomed, abject, trembling, through long years to
plod, —
People, avoid that man, marked by a brand :
Let Cain pass by, for he belongs to God.

THE PARTY OF CRIME.

THIS government with tiger claws and heart !
Imperial mask, fictitious Bonaparte !
Doubtless Beauharnais — Verhuell possibly —
Who, that Rome catholic might crucify
Rome's free Republic, gave it bound by stealth ;
That man, th' assassin of the commonwealth ;
That upstart, whom to push blind Fortune chose ;
That glutton, who ne'er to ambition rose ;
That " Highness," base, skilled to seize lucky times ;
That wolf, on whom I loose a pack of rhymes, —
What then ? This buccaneer, this reprobate,
Has changed a day of pride to shame and hate,
On glory loaded crime, soiled victory,
And, wretch ! robbed Austerlitz from history !
A dagger from that trophy proud has ta'en,
And townsmen, workmen, countrymen has slain ;
Has of the dead piled up a dreadful heap,
While his armchair did safe the coward keep.
Sabre in hand, upon his oath he rushed,
And justice, right, and government he crushed,

Law, honour, — all ; yes, even hope he killed,
And with pure blood (your blood, O France !) has filled
All of our rivers, from the Seine to Var :
Thus won the Louvre, while he deserved Clamàr.
And now he reigns, leaning his heel that drips
With blood, my country ! on thy wounded lips.
This has he done, — I naught exaggerate.
And when this gallows-bird we reprobate,
And all the frauds which in his treason teem
(So monstrous one might think the whole a dream),
And cry, by horror roused, with scorn replete,
“ March, people ! fly to arms ! invade the street !
Down with that sword, unworthy of the name !
Let day re-shine, and Right her reign reclaim ! ”

’T is we, forsooth, proscribed by these vile curs,
Who are assassins, bandits, murderers ;
’T is we who blood and civil war desire ;
’T is we who set the town, the land on fire !

What then ? To reign through death, to trample right :
To be a knave, hard, cynical, adroit ;
To say, “ I ’m Cæsar,” while you ’re but a clown,
To stifle thought ; life, breath, to trample down ;
To force great Eighty-nine to retrograde ;

The laws, the press, the tribune to invade
To muzzle the Great Nation as a beast ;
To reign by force, yourself from fear releast ;
For felon's sake, abuses to restore,
And France to hand to greedy Troplongs o'er,
On pretext that she was in times long since
Devoured by king and gentleman and prince ;
To give these dogs what those old lions left ;
Millions and palaces, gleesome and deft,
To seize ; plain despotism to profess,
And riot in debauches and excess ;
Heroes to torture and the hulks to give ;
The great, the good, to exile, and to live
'Mid Greeks, as for Byzantian despot meet ;
To be the arms that kill, the hands that cheat.

“ People ! this, then, is virtue, righteousness !
While justice murder-stricken, to confess
In exile, through the fumes of incense base,
Armies to tell and tyrants to their face —
Your name is force, injustice, robbery.
Soldiers you have, and vast artillery ;
The earth a kingdom 'neath your feet we see ;
You the colossus, and the atom we.
Still we choose war, for liberty to fight, —

You for oppression, we for truth and right ;
To show the pontoons and dark catacombs,
And cry, while standing o'er the late filled tombs :
'Frenchmen, beware the day of late remorse
For children's tears, and many a martyred corse !
Break that sepulchral man, wake France to light,
Tear from your flesh that Nero parasite !
Rise from the blood-stained earth, beauteous and bold,
The sword one hand, and one the law shall hold !' "

For us such words to speak, perform this task,
This pirate chase, this hypocrite unmask
(Since honour, duty, to this strife compel),
Is crime ! Hear this, Thou who on high dost dwell !
O God ! this they maintain before thy face,
Dread witness of all crimes in every place ;
'T is this they spread before th' eternal eyes !

What fumes of blood from all their hands arise !
What babes, old men, wives, maidens, yet have not
Had time within their dismal graves to rot !
What ! Paris still is bleeding, still each eye
Can see in heaven inscribed his perjury,
And these foul wretches dare reproaches heap !
O just eruption of resentment deep !

And many a sot — triumphant, bloated, red —
Answers, “ Your noise disturbs me in my bed ;
All goes on well : tradesmen get rich a-pace,
Our women are one mass of flowers and lace.
Of what do you complain ? ” Another calls
(Some empty dandy who the pavement crawls),
“ From ’change each day some twenty pounds I bring :
Money flows free as water from the spring ;
Workmen have now three times their former wage.
Splendid ! To make and spend is all the rage.
It seems some demagogues are sent away, —
Right, too.

I praise the feast, the ball, the play
Given by the prince, whom I did erst resist
Wrongly. What matters certain dolts dismiss ?
As for the dead, they ’re dead ; let the fools be !
Hail, men of sense ! and easy times for me,
Where you may choose a dozen schemes among,
And boldly speculate, and can’t go wrong.
The red republic may in caverns bark
Freedom, right, progress — Bosh ! they ’re madness
stark.
I pocketed a premium even now,
And I don’t care (I must the charge allow,

Not minding the philippics which you bawl),
If prices rise, should honour chance to fall."

Oh, hideous speech! 'T is held, — you hear the cry!
Learn then the dregs, contented Infamy,
That once for all we to your face declare
That we, the wanderers, scattered everywhere,
Roaming without or passport, hearth, or name, —
We, the proscribed you cannot daunt or shame;
We, to the land's disgrace who ne'er consent,
And though the while on justice sternly bent,
No scaffolds, no reprisals wish to have;
We whom this Mandrin thinks he can enslave,
We to see liberty revive, and shame
Die, and all brows respect and worth reclaim,
To free Rome, Lombards, Germans, Hungary,
To bid shine forth the sun of Freedom's sky,
The mother Commonwealth, and Europe's guide,
That forge and palace may in peace abide;
To bring that flower, fraternity, to light,
And to give labour uncontested right;
To rescue martyrs from the galley's oar,
Husbands to wives, and sons to sires restore, —
In short, this mighty nation and the age

From Bonaparte and shame to disengage :
To reach this end which soul, which heart enjoins,
In silence and in gloom we gird our loins.

And know we 're ready, plans and means bethought, —
The sacrifice is all, the danger naught, —
Ready, when God gives sign, to yield our breath,
For, seeing what now lives, we covet death ;
For 'neath this brass-browed scoundrel, who would be ?
We lost to country, you to liberty.
Learn you, who think free air might harm your health,
You who from out this dunghill dig your wealth,
We will not let the land in slumber lie,
But we will summon, till our latest sigh,
To help of France, now fettered, strangled, sold,
Sacred revolt. Like our great sires of old
We summon God's own lightning to our aid.

This is our purpose, and we thus are made ;
Preferring, if fate wills, to see our blood
Crushed 'neath his wheels, than wallow in your mud.

LUX.

O FUTURE! Fair vision of light!
The nations win free of the night,
The desert is all passed o'er.
After the sand-drifts, the plains;
And earth is a bride in love-chains, —
'T is man they are suffered for!

Even now the uplifted eye
Sees clearly fair dreams float by
Which one day shall shine and not move;
For God will cast off the chain-weight,
For the past hath a fell name, — Hate.
But the name of the future is Love!

Even now through our darkling woes
The bride-blush of the Peoples glows;
'Mid our sombre branches takes wing
— Like a hornet glad dawn awakes —
Progress, the bee; and the brakes
Yield honey for them that shall sing.

Oh, behold ! the deep night is drunk up.
O'er the world which hath shattered the cup
 Impoisoned, of Cæsars, of kings ;
O'er rapt, proud nations made bright
For marriage, in azure light
 Peace spreads her vast, steadfast wings.

O free France, arisen at last !
O robe unstained with the past !
 O glad for the sorrowful hours !
A sound as of loved labour stirs,
The sweet heaven smiles, and one hears
 New song-notes from hawthorn bowers !

Rust gnaws the stern arms of old war.
Of your cannons with thunderous roar,
 Great captains, scarce so much remains
As might serve as a cup to fill
For a bird with bright eager bill
 With the sparkling feast of clear rains.

Revenues bear here no part ;
Every true heart-thought, every heart
 That the same beat hath, the same word,

Make one only consummate sheaf.
God takes to bind this with a wreath
Of the disused tocsin the cord.

In the depth of the heavens a star
Behold ; it gains glory afar,
Comes nearer, --- bright station hath won !
O Republic, great mother of all,
Though now but a spark so small,
Soon, soon, thou 'lt out-dazzle the sun !

.
O exiles ! True men whom fate tries,
My comrades so valiant and true,
Ofttimes, near the fountains that rise,
I have chanted this song unto you.

Ofttimes, having hearkened my song,
You have said to me, " Take thy hope hence !
We are they that endure the world-wrong,
More black than the thunder-cloud dense.

" What may it teach us, this night ?
That the just bears the chastisement ;
That virtue is roused, and her sight
On the God of yon heaven is bent.

“God hides, and the darkness is here,
Alas! and foul crime is enthroned:
She, seeing whom heaven holds dear,
Whom smites, hath loud pæans intoned.

“To us all unknown are his ways.
How may this God of the nations
Gather such manifold praise
From such manifold desolations!

“His workings seem not at one
With the hope that once shone in his eyes.”
But who then, my brothers, hath won
The secret of him in the skies?

Who then hath traversed wide space,
The water, the air, fire, the sod,
And the region where spirits embrace?
Who can say, “I have seen High God!

“I have seen Jehovah! His name
I know; he hath filled me with fires!
I know how he fashioned man's frame,
And all breathing things he inspires.

“I have seen that vast hand unknown
Which opens and leaves winter free,
With the thunders deep in the cloud-zone,
And the tempest upon the loud sea,

“Stretch and bow the vast, livid night;
Wake to life an immortal soul;
Support in the void the fixed might
Of the star-burthened uttermost pole;

“Lead silent the fateful hour;
To the feast of the rose-crowned king
The black guest, Death, without flower,
Without song, without welcome, bring;

“Weave deftly the spider's net,
Ripen the fruit, paint the flower,
Lead the hosts of the star-worlds, and yet
Lose not one, at the twilight hour;

“Stay the brimmed wave at the shore;
With roses make June beautiful;
Time, living water, outpour
From eternity's urns ever full;

“By a breath, with its every star,
 Make in its mightiness
 Shiver vast heaven afar,
 As a shepherd's tent with wind-stress ;

“Link light to bright light in the skies
 With countless invisible chains,—
 All things I have seen with mine eyes ;
 Unknown to me nothing remains.”

Who can say that ? Not one.
 In our soul night, night in our eyes !
 A vain breath is man, soon done.
 God communes alone in his skies.

.
 Oh, doubt not ! Have faith ! Not yet is the close.
 Let us wait. Of kings, as of panthers, God knows
 How to shatter the wild-beast fang.
 He but proves us, my friends ! Have faith, be ye calm,
 And press forward ! O desert ! cool spreads your green
 palm,
 Though 't is smit with the dire noon-pang.

Because he doth not his whole work in an hour, —
 To the Jesuit gives Jesus, gives Rome to the power

Of the priest, the good to the ill,
We should therefore despair? — of him, the Vast Just!
No, no! He alone hath the harvest in trust
Who alone hath the seed-time at will.

Oh, is not he steadfast? Oh, is not he sure?
This world, whereon ever our blind souls pore,
Doth he fill not from depth to height?
What we call wisdom is vanity;
Before his face all the shadows shall flee, —
His countenance veiled with light.

Doth he see not huge snakes on their bellies creep?
Scans he not even to their deepest deep
The caves of the highest height?
Doth he know not the hour when the crane lifts wing;
And, O tiger, thy crouching, O tiger, thy spring,
And, O lion, thy lair in the night?

Answer, O swallow, gold eagle with song
In the rush of thy wings, by his breath borne along
Are ye not? Stag, art fleet him to flee?
Shy fox, see you not his bright eyes in the brake?
Lean wolf, when you feel in the dark a bush shake,
Do you tremble not, saying, " 'T is he!"

Since he knoweth all this ; since o'er all he hath power ;
Since effect from each cause, as the fruit from the flower,
 His fingers resistless aye draw ;
Since the worm he hath set in the bark of the tree ;
Since he makes in the night wind proud columns to be
 As feeble as wisps of dry straw ;

Since he smites ocean vast like a bellowing beast ;
Since he is the seer, while man ne'er hath ceased
 To grope in the darkness, stone-blind ;
Since his arm is earth's pillar, and since in fire-flight
The fierce comet far flickers, as even in midnight
 A torch blown upon by the wind ;

Since the wan night has knowledge, — ay ! since the
 dense shade
Beholds blooming beauteous the star he hath made, —
 Shall *we* alone doubt that he sees, —
We, steadfast and pure, in our agony proud,
Stiff-backèd alway to the foul tyrant-crowd,
 And only for him on our knees !

More nobly let 's think. Full bitter our days ;
But when our weak hands through the dark we upraise,
 Feel we not a Hand, succouring, strong ?

Since we walked, bowed down in this martyr-shade,
 Have we heard not oft One behind us who said,
 "Go forward ! the night is not long."

O exiles, the future's the People's ! Peace, light,
 And liberty, throned as on chariots fire-bright
 Will flash through the path of the skies.
 This crime triumphant is smoke, and but seems ;
 I swear it to you, — I, the dreamer who dreams
 'Neath God's heaven with lifted eyes.

Than the proud sea-waves they are prouder, these kings ;
 But, lo ! God saith, "In their nostrils my rings
 I will put, and my bit 'twixt loud lips ;
 I will chariot them, in tameness or strife, —
 Them and their harlots, their players o' the fife, —
 In the shadow, my death-eclipse !"

God speaks : and the rock where they planted their
 throne
 Crumbles ; and, lo ! as a breath they are strewn
 With less sound than leaves torn from the trees.
 O wind, wild wind that art rattling our doors !
 Say, is it thou that dost bear them, — all yours
 Is the sorry burthen of these ?

.

O exiles, *so* fair is earth's destiny !
The waves of night borne backward shall be
 By the billows resistless of day ;
No foam shall remain of them ; never again
Shall storms with their bitterness earth's shore stain :
 Ebb'd are they forever and aye !

Not only o'er France shall the glory-star shine,
But on all the nations ; not one shall repine
 In the fetters of slavery.
Released for aye from his darkling doom,
Driven out erst by night, to his home shall come,
 'Neath the dawn-star, Humanity.

Like meteors fire-fed with the breath of night,
All tyrants shall perish at birth of light,
 And, lo ! in their stead, fair-fixt
In heaven, which cloudless o'er earth shall brood,
Two suns shall we see, — man's brotherhood,
 And the brotherhood of Christ.

Yes, to all I repeat it, to all I declare, —
O clarion of song ! bear this truth through the air, —
 All strife upon earth shall cease.

For war is a scourge only brandished of kings, —
And kings are no more; while Freedom spreads wings,
And one is called Love, one Peace.

O'er all earth to the uttermost isle of the sea,
Lo! the sacred boughs of life's loveliest tree,
Progress, outspread to the light!
Boon heaven fosters its branches alway,
Fulfilled with the shining of doves all day,
With the burning of stars all night.

And we shall be dead, — dead, haply, as now!
But, O brothers, O martyrs! then shall we not know
The sun sees on earth no slave?
While life's tree towers above us with flower and fruit,
Shall we wake not to set one faint kiss on its root
That draws life from us even in the grave?

THE BLACK HUNTSMAN.

“ **W**HAT art thou, wanderer? The wood is eerie,
The far rooks fly, and their flight grows weary.
Near rides the rack !”

“ I am he that hunts through darkness dreary, —
The Huntsman Black !”

The faint forest-leaves, by the sharp wind rifted,
Shriek. One had said
That a witch's revel, with wild cries drifted,
Through the wood was spread ;
In a clear cloud-way, with pale locks uplifted,
The moon smiles dread.

Cleave to the buck, cleave to the hind,
Scour the dark woods, scour wastes yet lined
With eve's wan track.
Cleave to the Czar, cleave to Austria blind,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

Girth thy garb, let thy blast ring not least,
Cleave to the deer that wend slowly to feast
On the rich grass track.
Cleave to the king, cleave to the priest,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

It thunders, the rain blinds, the river-floods rise !
No rest for the fearful fox under the skies, —
Thou 'rt still on his track !
Cleave to the judge, cleave to the spies,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

The myriad imps of St. Anthony leap
'Mong oats which wild dance i' the wind aye keep,
But can turn thee not back.
Cleave to the monk, goad him from sleep,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

Cleave to the bears, thy hounds in full cry !
The wild boar knowing no shelter shall die :
On, on with thy pack !

Cleave to the crowned, to the mitred Lie,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

The dastard wolf from thy following has turned ;
Round with thy hounds for the death he hath earned,
Quick, follow him back !
Crush the foul beast that all pity hath spurned,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, by the sharp wind rifted,
Fall. One had said
That the darkling revel with hoarse cries drifted
Through the wood was sped ;
The clarion of dawn through the cloud is uplifted, —
Sweet sunlight 's spread !

The world reneweth its old-world night ;
Our France art thou that of yore brake night
In splendid attack ;
Our fair archangel clothed round with light,
O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

AFTER THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

BEFORE foul treachery and heads hung down,
I'll fold my arms, indignant but serene.
O faith in fallen things! be thou my crown,
My force, my joy, my prop on which I lean.

Yes, whilst *he's* there, or struggle some or fall,
O France, dear France, for whom I weep in vain,
Tomb of my sires, nest of my loves, — my all!
I ne'er shall see thee with these eyes again.

I shall not see thy sad, sad sounding shore,
France; save my duty, I shall all forget.
Amongst the true and tried, I'll tug my oar,
And rest proscribed to brand the fawning set.

O bitter exile, hard, without a term,
Thee I accept, nor seek nor care to know
Who have down-truckled 'mid the men deemed firm,
And who have fled that should have fought the foe.

If true a thousand stand, with them I stand.

A hundred ? — 't is enough : we 'll Sylla brave.

Ten ? Put my name down foremost in the band.

One ? Well, alone, — until I find my grave.

LES QUATRE VENTS DE
L'ESPRIT.

VOL. XXIII. — 2.

LES QUATRE VENTS DE L'ESPRIT.

ONWARDS.

LETTER OF THE MARQUIS DU C. D'E. TO VICTOR HUGO,
PARIS, 1846.

"SIR, — When you were a child I used to see you at your revered mother's house; and indeed we are somewhat related, unless I am mistaken.¹ Your first odes, 'La Vendée,' 'Louis XVII.,' etc., I praised; but since 1827, when your ode called 'A la Colonne' was written, you have forsaken those wholesome doctrines, and abjured legitimacy. The liberal faction clapped their hands at your apostasy; I deplored it. You to-day are a pure demagogue, in the full current of Jacobinism. Your anarchical speech on the affairs of Galicia was more fit for the benches of a convention than for the tribune of a Chamber of Peers. You are now actually joining in the Carmagnole! I tell you you are ruining yourself! What are you now aiming at? Since those honourable days of your youth, what have you done, and whither are you bound? . . ."

I.

MARQUIS, with my loved mother, many a day
You spent, and would my lessons hear me say.
You always brought me bonbons nice and rare,
And while there were "My lords," we cousins were.

¹ Count Leopold Hugo has lately stated that his family were related to Volney, the celebrated traveller, who died a peer of France; and also to the Breton family, Normand du Buisson.

You were old, I was young : and by your knees
You took me, and 'twixt two antistrophes
In praise of kings and Coblantz you would tell
Stories of wolves, of rusties punished well ;
Of ogres, Jacobins, all true and grave,
And which I swallowed with the sweets you gave ;
And with good appetite devoured all —
When I was yet a Royalist, and small.

I was a gentle child, a good man's seed.
When simple, truthful, credulous, indeed
Upright and pure, my eyes to fancy wide,
In lisping tones my earliest rhymes I tried,
Marquis, you found them somewhat rough, you said
(You in the Graces' grotto being bred),
" Still, 't is not bad. You're born to fill a place,"
And, sacred thought ! bright beamed my mother's
face.

When greeting you, still clings to memory
My mother's tone. Morn, April, fleeting joy !
Where is that smile, that voice that so could please ?
All fled away, as do the leaves of trees.
O kisses of a mother ! my sad brow
Is still the same, though deeper shaded now.
No kisses there but numerous wrinkles show.

And you were witty, Marquis. High or low,
Luck or ill luck, with easy soul you met ;
Rich, poor, the page of Marie Antoinette.
As *émigré*, at that uncertain date
Well did you bear the heat and frost of fate.
You hated Rousseau, but Voltaire you loved ;
Pigault-Lebrun your polished taste approved ;
Diderot you voted to the pillory,
And much detested Madame Dubarry ;
While Gabrielle d'Estrée you pronounced divine, —
Not more than she, who did in letters shine.
De Sévigné, sweet dame, was moved to see
Bleach 'neath the moon, and dangle from the tree
'Mid yellow leaves, rocked by the winds and blown,
Rusties hung up by the good Duke of Chaulnes.
Did you take care for villagers beat down
By force, or for the poor ill-treated clown ?
Ere Eighty-nine, incendiary gay,
You wore your sword after the sprit-sail way,
Your velvet back with powder whitened o'er ;
With light and heavy step you crushed the poor.

Though the old wrongs did you no injury ;
Young, you had in you all nobility.
Bright spirits, — Montmorency, Choiseul, Noailles

With courteous honour of a lover's broil, —
Sulks and caresses, — Titus, Berenice.
Your youth the Revolution seemed to please ;
You followed in the wake of Talleyrand, —
Sphinx whom you thought quite plain to understand
When he was christened you were standing near,
And joyous called the babe “ You pretty dear ! ”
Protest, Ligne, Fronde, Reform, or Deficit,
You knew not greatly what to make of it.
You fairly clapped your hands when Lafayette,
Leviathan, in baby linen set ;
Next, panic-struck when blazed the torches round,
In tiger Mirabeau you beauty found.
And you at evening near your hearth that blazed,
While Paris from her breast the Bastille razed ;
While all St. Antoine in its sabots sped,
And the great people, as from tombs the dead,
Sprang forth amazed from its long-borne disgrace ;
While six October, twenty June took place,
And August ten, — you sang some trifling air,
Which Boufflers simpered to the lightning's glare.

For you at first were of the purblind band
Who France, night, tide, did nothing understand ;
Who laughed as if all this were harmless sport ;

Who the heaped complaints, by roaring ages wrought,
And haggard men, deemed but a noisy pack;
And to the crowds, to famine, and attack
Lightly gave drawing-room riddles to be guessed;
And when fierce storms all the black skies possessed,
When, crouched on threshold of dark mystery,
The Revolution watched terrific nigh, —
Sceptic, unskilled her savage eye to trace,
And claws, or through the night her unknown face —
The unshaped darkness — mocked with jests and
winks,

And bandied riddles with th' enormous sphinx.
You said, "Ill luck; beggars, dissatisfied,
Went mad. Too late, to stop the flood we tried;
Some bargain would have saved the whole, may be.
May n't freedom well consist with monarchy?
Subjects, to save the throne were a grand thing!"

Then you grew sad and gloomy, muttering,
"The wisest could not save that good old throne:
All 's dead; Great Kings, that Paris, Babylon,
Montespan, Marly, Maintenon, St. Cyr!"
You wept. Good God! could they the crash defer?
Those men who wished — with forms of rule and sure
Wrongs we blushed over, laws that galled us sore,
The nation, right divine, old codes, old use,

To fit on Revolution kingly shoes ?
The lion's paw this crazy slipper burst.

II.

Then you lost sight of me. A wind disperst
Our days, our reason, hearts, and destinies
To the four corners of the livid skies.
Each in his darkness sought some light to find,
And on my first was graft my second mind, —
Aye, the same stem, with other bloom and leaf.
Combats I well have known, and toil and grief,
False friends, those ties soon truly serpents styled,
Borne loss on loss, and works on works have piled.
Having forgotten you (I nothing hide)
Lo, Marquis ! in my house I hear a stride —
'T is yours ; a voice — 't is yours. And me you name
Apostate, who th' apostle's title claim.
'T is you indeed, by fear to fury wrought.
Old goose ! The Marquis by the Terror caught,
Half swallowed by the hydra, scolds and calls.

Time having 'twixt us kept his intervals,
Which makes the old to count as children still
Grown men ; moreover, seeing me but ill,

You cry with haggard eyes, and anger red,
"Ah, see the rogue who from his side has fled!"
With fist you show, not finger, on the wall
Your kindred, and my mother's faith recall. —
I kiss your cold feet, O my mother dead! —
Then you, shame, anarchy, rebellion, said,
Detested age where none will quiet stay;
And next, the why and how you bid me say.
And stirring the still dead who sleep in night,
Robespierre, Charette, Lambese, and Marat cite.
You tell me in a tone replete with gall,
"The knave's a Jacobin, a Liberal.
Hoarse with the people's songs his voice resounds!
Why look at me across the wall that bounds?
Whence came, where go you, why this boldness shown?
What's happened since I saw you?"

"I have grown!"

What! 'cause 'mongst men my cradle chanced to be,
Who hell, Gomorrah, Sodom, could but see
Beyond the ancient customs, the old faith;
What! because once my mother saved from death
Twelve priests in Vendée in a single day;
Because in childhood, 'neath ancestral sway,
I only knew at first the lesson set, —

A bird caught in the past as in a net
(Ere I could 'scape and to the forest go,
My feathers in my cage were forced to grow);
Because I wept, and, — who can say? — weep yet,
O'er the poor little boy, “Louis Dix-sept;”
Because when young, with but false lights to guide,
Vendée my sight engrossed, and France could hide;
Because I Breton heroism praised,
Chouan o'er Marceau, Stofflet o'er Danton raised;
Because great rusties hid great men from me,
And I misread the age where now we be;
Because I lisped in songs of Royalty,
Am I then clinched to imbecility?
Shall I cry, “Back!” to thought, my age, and sense?
Not so, good sooth! Unblushing dotard, hence!
In trees shall I mere water-sprinklers find?
In Nature's bosom, in life's storm and wind
Shall I exist by ignorance enthralled,
In Loriquet, La Harpe, entombed and walled?
To be, yet not to live; look, yet not see;
And when night comes must the sky seem to me
Spangled with *fleur-de-lis* and not with stars?

III.

E'en in his church, the king masks God, and bars
Heaven's sight! . . .

IV.

Now listen. I have lived and dreamt, —
A life of tears has brought enlightenment.
You held my cradle in your hands, and made
My thought, and to my brain your thoughts conveyed
Alas ! you were the axle, I the wheel ;
And what of God, of truth, of right to feel,
Of all the lights our reason brings to view,
You and your like (and I forgive it you,
Marquis) had led my footsteps quite astray, —
I aimed awry ; but I retrieved my way.
Thought is the right man's life supremely needs ;
God takes him by the hand, a child, and leads
To Nature's school, which in the fields, the wood,
He founds, to give each man the spirit's food.
I've thought, I've dreamt by seas, by grassy roads,
And the first furies of my beardless odes,
As I marched on, fell back themselves from sight.
Nature became my terror and delight.
Yes, at the time you made my lyre untrue,
Marquis ! I learned to read, in spite of you,
In that vast hieroglyphic, Nature's world,
Where fields their pages to my eyes unfurled.
That bible as a child I learned to spell,

Where strangely mix the lovely and the fell, —
Book writ upon the sky, the sea, the land,
With flower and wind and star ; which in its hand
Creation, statue-like, holds up to sight.
Prodigious poem, where the storm to night
Adds fear, and ocean makes infinity !
A-field, 'neath some vast sacred oak placed high,
I was more strong, more gentle, and more free,
And with the world felt my soul more agree.
I sought to know, dazed, trembling, colourless,
If when the dark says No, the sun says Yes ;
To seize the sense of phrases dark, I sought,
Beneath my eyes by shape and number wrought.
Throughout I saw life, love, space, liberty, —
God everywhere, but nowhere royalty.

Nature's a play where many persons move :
There did I live and listen. This can prove
Birds, flowers, streams, and eve about to set.
Then I learned man, — another alphabet.

Evil seemed to me happy, strong, robust,
Triumphant ; I but thirsted to be just.
And as a highway robber you arrest,
Stern judge, I collared then the human breast,

And said, " Why all this envy, hate, and strife ?
And I the pockets emptied out of life,
And found there, mourning, want, and weary sweat.
I've seen the wolf accuse the lamb he eat ;
Truth halting, lies careering, high and haught ;
Stones cast from every side, at every thought.
Alas ! I've seen of right and wrong the reigns :
Christ, Socrates, Columbus, Huss in chains, —
For prejudice to thorns which in a wood
You break to pass, is like. The multitude
Harks back, and wounds, while one you trample low.
Woe to apostles, and to tribunes woe !

With care they kept true history from my sight.
I read ! and day compared with the black night, —
The Ninety-three with St. Bartholomew ;
For Ninety-three, which you with horror view,
Which was to be, yet ne'er shall be again, —
'T was the blood-tints which early morning stain :
For revolutions, which revenge fulfil,
Eternal good produce from fleeting ill.
These revolutions are the evidence
Of horrors through long years become intense.
When sufferance has attained lugubrious size ;
When tyrants long have turned on human cries

The lower empire and the middle age,
And north and south in noxious union rage;
When history naught but one vast graveyard shows
Crecys and Rosbachs fed upon by crows;
When foot of villains reigns, and bows the head
Of poor man, in the trough with cattle fed;
When at this Babel's either end we spy
The eleventh Louis with his hangman by,
And the fifteenth, with his vile harlotry, —
Harem for prince, gallows for minister;
When all flesh groans, and Heaven, now sinister,
Sees human grass downtrod, its term has reached,
And bones enough have on the gibbet bleached;
When Jesus' blood falls vainly drop by drop
For eighteen hundred years, nor crimes can stop;
When ignorance does e'en the future blind,
And being able naught to seize or find,
Hope is no more but a small part of man;
When by all plagues consumed, and gaunt and wan;
When everywhere are wars and enmities, —
Then suddenly one day uprise, uprise,
The plainings by the wretched spectre made:
Grief the fell giant, vast, unmeasured shade,
Starts forth. A cry from height to height is flashed.
The social worlds are 'gainst each other dashed.

All the dread hulks of pariah arise ;
Whips, fetters, swords, affront the ears, the eyes ;
Murder, sobs, hunger, howlings of abuse, —
Noises of all the past in hell let loose.
God slips the populace : the tocsin fell
Shakes with its rope and hoarse sepulchral knell
The church, the palace ; so to ruin bring
Luther the Pope, and Mirabeau the king.
The whole is said : thus old worlds crumbled are.
The time is come ! Floods roll unheard afar,
And across rumours, corpses, mourning, foam,
And mountain-tops, which sunken rocks become,
The ages in despair before them drive
These revolutions, — tides that whelm and rive,
Oceans which human tears create, expand.

v.

'Tis kings who made these gulfs ; but the same hand
Which sowed the seed, shrinks from the crop that
grows.

The sword "rebellion" names the blood which flows.

This history taught me. Yes, in single fight
My reason killed my love of kings outright.

This made me Jacobin. What could be said?
The Louis tail, of which you loved the head,
Scared me. In following free the forward path,
Advancing, well I know I pain your faith,
Your creed, that cause which deathless seems to you,
Your ancestors, codes, gods, your flannels too,
And of your good old bones ne'er formed to try
And tire that rheumatism, royalty.
'Tis vain, despite gold stick and such like things,
As, owning men, I can't believe in kings;
And not believing, as I feel I speak.
Aurelius wrote: "I erred the other week;
But seeking right and truth, I ne'er allow
My former faults to bar my passage now."
I but an atom, yet like him have done.
Marquis, these twenty years one thought alone
Has filled my soul, — the human cause to serve.
Life is a sessions, at whose bar, observe!
The weak are coupled with those steeped in crime.
I have in books, in plays, in prose, in rhyme
Fought for the small, the wretched, early, late,
Before the ruthless and the fortunate;
Raised up of clowns and actors all the tribe,
Friboulet, Marion, — all whom men proscribe;
The lackeys, convicts, prostitutes, — and glued

My mouth to every soul by curse pursued,
As children do (angels with golden hair!)
On dying flies, their vigour to repair.
I've bent o'er every tottering thing and weak;
Kind, I did universal pardon seek;
And as I angered many people so,
While some perhaps said, "Thank you!" from below,
I often gathered, soaring in the cloud,
The savage dark applause of hisses loud.
I claimed for woman and for child their right,
And tried, while warning men, to give them light.
To read, to write, to learn was all my cry;
Absorbing hulks by schools, my remedy.
For me the guilty were but witnesses,
Hoping all progress. Greater, I confess,
The brain of Paris seemed than crown of Rome.
I saw man's spirit free, his heart the home
Of slavery. Those chains I would remove,
And set at liberty the powers of love.
'Gainst homicidal laws I've spent my breath,
And like Alcides battle done with Death.
Now here I am, still marching, having won,
Lost, suffered, fought. One word, and I have done:
Marquis, since now we chat two doors between,
Mark you, two kinds of renegades have been, —

Some become Christians, some are heathen made.
By Error is a pleasant look displayed ;
Leave her, she sets two fists upon her flank.
Truth, gentle to the good, but rough and frank,
Betrayed for gold, power, purple robes, instead
Becomes the spectre that shall haunt your bed.
That is a scold ; this, the Eumenides.
Keep cool. Good-bye now, Epimenides.

The past will not begone. On its old track
It will return, wills back, takes back, keeps back ;
With black nails scratches, and in raging mood
Blows its old storm, and swells its ancient flood ;
Cries havoc, death, and vomits its old night.
Well, cry, storm, thunder, burst, and howl and bite
The Future smiling says, " Friend, go your way."

Marquis, the renegade of yesterday
Is called To-morrow. May from Winter parts ;
The butterfly no less the worm deserts.
Falstaff reformed ! Apostate he from wine.
My feet (those renegades) old shoes decline.
Love is the gentle renegade of hate ;
And when with day o'erflowing and elate
He 'scaped their dismal prisons, shining bright
The sun forswore the powers of the night.

Marquis, you show of old wolf-lords small trace.
Frank renegade from Celts ! Come, let 's embrace ;
Own, Marquis, that you felt too fierce a heat.

VI.

Naught in my heart's real depth, I must repeat, —
No, naught is changed. I still am always he
Who goes straight to the duty he can see ;
Who, like to Job, frail plant shakes in the wind,
Yet would truth, beauty, grandeur, justice, find, —
I am that man, that child ; only one day
My spirit spread its wings and flew away.
I saw the large, pure space which claims control :
Marquis, th' horizon shifted, not the soul, —
Nothing within me, but all things around.
History beamed on me, and the law I found
Of ages seeking God, bearing the ark,
Who step by step climb the vast stairs and dark.
The heavens had varied, but unchanged the eye.
Is it my fault if the blue, timeless sky
More blue, more vast than Versailles' ceiling is ?
Is it my fault, O God ! you thrill with bliss
My pulsing heart at cry of Liberty ?
That man can more of light and morning see ?

So much the worse ; the dawn with blame assault !
The sun, and not the eyesight, is in fault.
You say, " Where go you ? " I can't tell, yet go ;
No road I reckon bad which straight I know.
Night is behind me, and the day before, —
That is enough ; all bars I trample o'er.
I see, that 's all ; believe, and nothing less !
I for my future little care profess.
Men of the past and soldiers of the shade
Assail : I face them, of no odds afraid, —
The match unequal, sometimes hazardous.
Longwood and Goritz both may witness thus ;
Misfortune's privilege I ne'er profaned.
Ill fate is night ; and while therein contained,
Men like the skies appear star-glorified.
And when the evening falls, and when aside
Princes are cast, never refused by me
Are tears to exile, to the grave my knee.
Pangs of the fallen I must still allay ;
On their black tombs their heads will answer, Yea.
My mother knows it too, — and more, can see
With joy new duties God intrusts to me.
Being in the tomb, of truth she reads the page.
On earth man serves an angel's prentisage.
Let 's love, serve, help, strive, bear. My mother
knows

I now am all released from empty shows ;
She knows my eyes to progress open wide ;
That peril, proof, reverses, I can bide ;
That always ready, help, to speed, I tend
That great To-morrow, when mankind shall mend ;
That happy, sad, praised, exile, victor, beat,
Naught from that goal shall make my heart retreat.
This does my will, steps, cries, vows, life, control.
O sainted tomb ! you see my inmost soul.
Never, whate'er my fortune, high or low,
Shall my pure conscience bend its honest brow.
It walks serene, unconquerable, proud.
For far-off counsel, light without a cloud,
I see, across my lot whatever fate,
Disaster, or astonishment await,
In noise, or stormy winds that sweep me by,
In dawn, in dark, my sainted mother's eye !

WRITTEN IN 1855.

After nine years this postscript I append.
Are you still there ? Doubtless you 've made an end.
But, Marquis, hence, with ghosts one may converse.
Your grave gapes ! Where are you ? Outside my hearse

Like you ! Dead ? Nearly so ; in shade profound,
My home a rock which the dark waves surround,
Sharp sea-worn crags which clouds and darkness load,
Where livid shipwreck has its fell abode.
Well, you will say, " What then ? " The loneliness
Around me never changes more or less.
I only see the depth, the sea, the sky,
And the black clouds that pass in silence by.
The night wind shakes my roof, mixed by the gale
With frantic blasts of ocean and of hail ;
The horizon seems with veil of crape spread o'er ;
Insult sits at the threshold of my door ;
The crumbling rock my foot denies to bear ;
The wind seems frightened to approach, nor dare
To tell me whispering, in half-uttered tone,
A friend's mysterious greeting hither thrown.
The noise of living creatures grows less loud ;
All that I dreamt has flown, — a passing cloud.
My days are now as phantoms, lone and sere ;
I see the Infinite, that shroud, draw near.
You say, " What then ? " Beside the moaning wave,
'Neath an o'erhanging cliff, I've marked my grave.
There from th' abyss are ceaseless wailings sent ;
Night, horror, reign. What then ? I am content.

MY HAPPIEST DREAM.

I LOVE to watch in fancy, to some soft dreamy
strain,

A choir of lovely virgins issuing angel-calm,
Veiled all in white, at even, from some old shadowy
fane ;

In hand a palm !

A dream which in my darkest hours doth aye beguile
Is this : a group of children, ere they seek repose,
Merrily dancing ; on each rosebud mouth a smile,
Each brow a rose !

Haply a dream yet sweeter, that yields yet more de-
light,
Is of a radiant girl, who, betwixt joy and fear,
Dreameth of Love, not knowing, beneath God's stars
love-bright ;
In eye a tear !

Another vision which doth lend my sorrow ease :

Lo ! Marguerite and Jeanne, like birds at evening
 Flitting across the lawn, across the shadowy leas,
 Each foot a wing !

But of all dreams whereon I gaze with pensive eyes,

This to my poet-soul most pleasure doth afford :
 A tyrant stretched beneath God's awful starlit skies,
 In heart a sword !

.
 A sword, but never a dagger ! Poet, thy right
 Is, 'neath the broad blue sky, a fair free fight,
 Where, face to face, and foot to foot, and breast
 To breast, thou stand'st, and leav'st to God the rest.

Thou Justice's champion, he the chos'n of hell,
 In the sun's eye cross falchions, and smite well, —
 Thy sword-clash ringing true as even thy song.
 So, if yet once again Right fall 'neath Wrong,
 Right's warrior, mingling with death's shadowy bands,
 Find Bayard and the Cid with outstretched hands.

ON HEARING THE PRINCESS ROYAL¹ SING.

I N thine abode so high
Where yet one scarce can breathe,
Dear child, most tenderly
A soft song thou dost wreath.

Thou singest, little girl :
Thy sire, the king is he.
Around thee glories whirl,
But all things sigh in thee.

Thy thought may seek not wings
Of speech ; dear love 's forbidden ;
Thy smiles, those heavenly things,
Being faintly born, are chidden.

Thou feel'st, poor little bride,
A hand unknown and chill
Clasp thine from out the wide,
Deep shade so deathly still.

¹ Marie, daughter of King Louis Philippe, afterwards Princess of Würtemberg.

Thy sad heart, wingless, weak,
Is sunk in this black shade
So deep; thy small hands seek
Vainly the pulse God made.

Thou art yet but "highness," thou
That shalt be "majesty."
Though still on thy fair brow
Some faint dawn-flush may be,

Child, unto armies dear,
Even now we mark heaven's light
Dimmed with the fume and fear
And glory of battle-might.

Thy godfather is he,
Earth's Pope; he hails thee, child!
Passing, armed men you see
Like unarmed women, mild.

As saint all worship thee;
Thyself even hast the strong
Thrill of divinity
Mingled with thy small song.

Each grand old warrior
 Guards thee, submissive, proud ;
Mute thunders at thy door
 Sleep, that shall wake most loud.

Around thee foams the wild
 Bright sea, the lot of kings.
Happier wert thou, my child,
 I' the woods a bird that sings !

AN OLD-TIME LAY.

NEVER sigh nor tear
Irks this happy fay,
But she laugheth aye.

There are wisps of straw, while mossy twigs are here :
Reed-warbler, breeze-blest,
Build on the waves thy nest.

Beneath beams most fair
Of thine eyes so bright
Passing, what delight !

Here are mossy twigs, while wisps of straw are there :
Swallow sweet, sun-blest,
Build 'neath mine eaves thy nest.

May drinks April's tear,
While her azure eyes
Wake birds' blithest cries.

Here is *her* sweet smile, her blush yet sweeter, here :
Happy Love, thus blest,
Build in my heart thy nest !

JERSEY.

JERSEY, lulled by the waves' eternal chime,
Sleeps ; in her smallness being twice sublime, —
A rocky mountain, born amid blue sea.
Old England northward, southward Normandy ;
Our sweet she is, and in her summer trance
Hath the bright smiles, and oft the tears, of France.
For the third time now her flowers and fruits I've seen.
O land of exile, little island queen,
Be blest of me as by thy billows blest !
This small bright nook where the tired soul finds rest,
If 't were my country, were my haven of life.
Here, as some mariner from sea-stormy strife
Rescued, I'd dwell, and suffer with delight
The sun shine all my darkling soul snow-white,
Like yonder linen bleaching on the grass.

Musing profoundly seems each rocky mass ;
Within whose hollow caverns waves forever
Gurgle and sob. When evening falleth, shiver
The trees, — weird sibyls with the wind for wail ;

While the huge cromlech, like a spectre pale,
Towers on the hill, till 'neath the wan moon-ray
It turns to Moloch grinning o'er his prey.

Along the beach, when blow the strong west winds,
In every craggy corner where one finds
Frail fisher-huts, across the thatch that slopes
Seaward are stretched stone-weighted briny ropes,
Lest by the blast the roof be torn away.
With bosom bare, some old-world ocean-lay
Each mother to her sailor babe doth drawl,
What time from out the surf a boat they haul,
While laugh the meadows.

Hail, O sacred Isle,
That brightliest to heaven's rosiest dawn dost smile !
Hail, beacons, stars by fisher-folk best blest !
Old mossy church-towers where blithe swallows nest,
Poor altars rudely carved by fishermen,
Elm-shadowed roads where creaks the heavy wain
Gardens bright-flushed with flowers of every dye,
Streams with blue sea for goal, dreams with blue sky, —
All hail !

On the horizon, -wings snow-white
Of vessels ; nearer shore the sea-mews' flight, —
Old Ocean's fearless, wave-delighting flock !

Lo, Venus smiling on each storm-scarred rock,
What time, — to song of birds and billows born, —
She gives to heaven the rosy-dimpled Morn.

O heather on the hills, foam on the waves,
Cybele's crumbling palace ocean laves,
Rough mountain soothed by ocean melodies,
Lowing of kine, sweet slumber beneath trees !

The island seems immersed in voiceless prayer,
Not to be turned therefrom, though ocean, air,
Around her blend their vast defiant chants.
The cloud weeps, passing ; lo ! the rook that vaunts
Upon its spur how many a brave ship riven,
Keeps on its crest for the bird a little dew of heaven !

NEAR AVRANCHES.

ON ocean mournful, vast, fell the vast mournful
night.

The darkling wind awoke, and urged to hurried flight
Athwart the granite crags, above the granite crests,
Some sails unto their haven, some birds unto their
nests.

Sad unto death, I gazed on all the world around.
Oh, how yon sea is vast and the soul of man profound !

Afar St. Michael towered, the wan salt waves amid, —
Huge Cheops of the west, the ocean-pyramid.

On Egypt, home of fathomless mysteries, did I brood, —
Its sandy desert's grand eternal solitude,
All-darkling camp of kings, ne'er stirred by battle-breath,
Planted for aye i' the sombre stricken field of death.



Alas ! in even these spots where widest-winged doth
rove

God's breath, supreme in wrath, omnipotent in love,
To erect against high heaven what hath been man's
sole care ? —

Lo, here a prison frowns, and there a sepulchre !



THEN MOST I SMILE.

“ IT is a little late to smile so bright,
Queen Marguerite ; wait in thy field awhile,
And the green grass with hoar-frost shall be white.”
“ Pilgrim, cold winter comes, — still must I smile.”

“ It is a little late to smile so bright,
Sweet Star of eve. Wait in thy heaven awhile ;
Soon will all roseate rays be lost in night.”
“ Pilgrim, night comes, — still brightlier shall I
smile.”

“ It is a little late to smile so bright,
Proud soul of mine ; wait in thy woe awhile,
And one shall stay thy strong wings' heavenward flight.”
“ Pilgrim, death comes, — forever shall I smile ! ”

LIGHT ON THE HORIZON.

I DREAM; a sunbeam steals across the wave;
The beacon, whispering "Dawn!" his torch
outblows.

Fain is my soul to know what no one knows, —
To see the dawn that breaketh from the grave.

At God's desire doth the glad spirit flit
Far from the icy corpse its earthy home?
What is the ray that flickers o'er the tomb, —
Yon star that smiles from the dumb infinite?

Or in death's shadow living shall we lie,
Striving on earth's loved living ones to call?
Each piercing shriek through the grave's sombre wall
Sounds but a faint, vague sigh.

As birds of passage, swallows fleet and free,
Shall man ply wing towards some clear azure goal?
Ah, like as little birds shall be the soul,
Passing death o'er even as they pass the sea.

All speaks, all stirs. To its depths the wood doth
 cower ;

The ox resumes his yoke, the soul its sorrow ;
O'er hill and wave smiles blue and cold the morrow,
Blinding the star, and bidding bloom the flower.

This life, with all its wealth of night and day,
Is 't worth one wandering cloud in yonder skies ?
O birds that from black boughs pipe melodies !
With me what would your lay ?

These darkling dreams with darkness should take flight,
Surely ! Behold, the plougher tills the land,
The fisher drags full nets o'er briny strand ;
While vainly still I dredge the vast, void night.

God, whom we question, time it is to cease ;
Our dreams, our doubts, our strifes, are naught to
 thee.

The abyss is soundless ; yet thy mystery,
If man were fain, would let him live in peace

The mariner whose bark is on the wing,
Weighing the anchor, pipes a cheery tune ;
Old ocean lets he growl, while growling ocean's boon
Suffers the sailor sing.

SINCE SILENTLY ARE OPED.

SINCE silently are oped the pearl-gates of the skies;
Since yonder dawn awakes once more the sea and
land,

Like to a faithful servant, aye the first to arise
And through the house, yet slumbering, move, bright
lamp in hand;

Since on the sleepless fount the dawn-gleams wax and
wane;

Since from the shuddering woods dark dreams of
night get free,
Urged by the pure calm glance of heaven which the
dim plain
Regards full drowsily;

Since on the breathless hills the strong, sweet day is
born,

I wander through the meadows sad and fresh and
sweet,
Hoping perchance to find a sweeter, stronger morn
For a yet darker night which naught else may defeat.

What lot is man's! This life, is 't but some monstrous
freak?

Ah me! beyond the dawn broods there a brighter
Light?

All trembles. Nature vast, to me wouldst thou now
speak

In the soul's awful night?



THE BLIND BEGGAR AND THE POET.

[Victor Hugo, meeting a blind beggar led by a little girl, wrote on a board which the old man had hung round his neck, four lines, of which the following is a translation.]

LIKE Belisarius, and like Homer, blind,
By one weak child, sole guide and guardian, led,
Alms by your hands to suffering age consigned
He cannot see: God sees them in his stead.

AN OLD-TIME LAY.

DOES any one know my bower, say ?
'T is a calm shelter, where the sun
Redeemeth, one bright springtide day,
The wrong six wintry months have done.

Clear, limpid waters wander there ;
Among tall reeds the lily floats ;
While lovers' murmurs in warm air
Are mingled with the birds' blithe notes.

There, 'mong the flowers, are scattered groups ;
As in a dream one walks, one rests ;
Here, sparkling song in the depth of cups ;
Dim silence there in the depth of nests.

The charm of this dim solitude,
The grace of that soft, sunny height,
Seems with the tear of Grenze bedewed,
With gentle Watteau's smile made bright.

Through mist doth far-off Paris lower ;
There, Regnier's bower of wine and glee
Is worth, not here, one dreamful hour
'Neath rosy lamps of a chestnut-tree.

Ye know not dreamland's sweetest things
Till in cool cavern you repose :
Lo ! waking, with weird murmurings
They 're lost 'mong rustling forest boughs.

Art proud ? The fault doth me surpass.
Ambitious ? How can that be so,
Since one can dream among the grass
Beneath the mystic moon's soft glow ?

The flowers' bright language amorous
Art deaf to ev'n in rosy May ?
Listen ! It sweetly biddeth us
In our dull souls let blossom day ;

While glistening robes, breasts bright as lilies,
Warm cooings, tender like a dove,
Of Galatea and blithesome Phyllis
Counsel the woodways, laughter, love.

A WALK AMONG THE ROCKS.

THE sun declined, eve quickly to pursue,
 Made brown th' horizon : on a stone to rest
An old man, whose remaining days are few,
 Sat musingly, his eyes towards the west.

An aged man, a shepherd, mountain bred,
 Who erst young, poor, of free and happy mood,
At eve, when shades were o'er the mountain spread,
 His flute made merry music through the wood.

Now rich and old, the past his spirit fills,
 Laborious chief of a large family ;
The while his flocks are gathered from the hills,
 Earth he forgets, and looks but on the sky.

The day that ends is worth the opening days.
 The old man mused beneath heaven's azure copes ;
The boundless ocean stretched beneath his gaze,
 As at the gate of death the good man's hopes.



H. W. Kessdag

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Oh, solemn scene! — the sea that ever threatens,
Rocks, winds that, silent now, restrain their cries,
The old man looking at the sun that sets,
And the sun looking on the man who dies.



IN VAIN I SEARCH, LIKE ONE
DISTRAUGHT.

IN vain I search, like one distraught,
My house from floor to floor,
Till I am by the neighbours thought
As one whose mind gives o'er.

Vain search, for she is dead, is dead :
She will return no more.
Alas ! forever lost and fled,
And open still the door.

I start when rings the bell, — I own
I hope to find her near.
Glad Autumn days, where are you gone,
O God ! when she was here.

That soul has ta'en its upward flight ;
I still below must keep.
To stars that glitter in the night
I stretch my arms and weep.

Pressed 'gainst the window, I repass
In dreams the days of yore :
All lost ! That good sweet heart, alas !
Which sang, I have no more.

WEEPS THE EARTH IN WINTER'S DAY.

WEEPS the earth in winter's day :
Cold the sun, and weak and dreary ;
Comes full late, soon goes away,
Of his visit sick and weary.

Grace is from their idylls flown.

“Ah, to love! Sun, let us try!”
“Earth, where are your roses gone?”
“Where your rays, star of the sky?”

Some excuse he makes for flight, —

Wind or clouds, it rains, it snows ;
“See, my dear,” he cries, “’t is night!”
Which he makes as off he goes,

Like a lover who each day

From his heart the fetters breaks,
And not knowing what to say,
Hastes, and off himself betakes.

TO THE CLOUDS AND THE BIRDS.

CLOUDS, heaven's virgins fair and sweet,
And birds, soft children of the skies ;
Ye purities the dawn doth greet,
Gazed on by Ocean's azure eyes ;

Ye by Eve first of all things hight ;
Ye for whom God, who rules on high,
Created that abyss called light,
And made those wings called liberty ;

Ye, from the gulf in which we are,
Whom in the vast vague sky we see ;
Ye who for Rome's little care,
And deem that ant-hills nobler be ;

Ye whom the dew with mist invests,
And feeds and forms with tears and showers ;
Ye birds who spring from hidden nests,
Ye clouds that rise up from the flowers ;

Speak ! ye from day who spring elate,
Through an unbounded course to fly,
Whom doth the ether penetrate
With glory and serenity.

Ye who see mountains bleak and bold,
And morning fresh, and night's dark face ;
Who all the earth and seas behold, —
Free wanderers of the azure space, —

Say what doth the calm night proclaim,
What think th' inhabitants of light
Of all this sordid human shame
That crawls beneath the Infinite.

EXILE.

IF I might, O my native land !
Thy almond groves and lilies see,
And tread upon thy flowery strand, —
Ah me !

If I might — but, O father mine,
And mother ! it can never be —
Pillowed upon your grave recline, —
Ah me !

If in your cold, constraining bier
I could speak to you noiselessly ;
Abel, Eugene, my brothers dear, —
Ah me !

If I was able, O my dove,
And thou, her mother ! quick to flee,
To kneel, to fall, your graves above, —
Ah me !

Oh, towards that star which lonely is,
How would I stretch — your devotee —
My arms ; and how the ground would bless, —
Ah me !

Far from you, dear ones, when I weep,
I hear the roaring of the sea ;
Fain would I go, but here must keep, —
Ah me !

Yet if dark fate, which clouds enclose,
Watching my steps fall wearily,
Deems the old pilgrim spent, it knows
Not me.

TO MY DAUGHTER ADELE.

NEAR me you slept, a fresh and rosy child ;
Cradled, the infant Jesus thus had smiled.
So calm, so soft your sleep of purity,
You could not hear the birds sing in the shade ;
And I inhaled all the sad sweetness made
By the mysterious sky.

I heard the angels round your pillow meet ;
And as I watched your slumbers, on your sheet
Jasmine and pinks I strewed, silent and still.
Marking your lids fast closed in sleep, I prayed,
And my eyes filled with tears, while I portrayed
What might the future fill.¹

My turn will come for sleeping, and my bed,
Of darkness formed, will be so drear and dread
That song of birds my ears shall waken not ;
In that bleak night, you will pour, O my dove !
The prayers, the tears, the flowers my grave above,
Which I poured o'er your cot.

¹ A melancholy fate awaited her. She survives her father, but has lost her reason.

ON THE CLIFFS.

O SWEET spirit! you smile, I ween,
Though you are unfelt, unseen;
I sad and lone
Feel your garment floating nigh,
While the dark waves hurry by,
And sob and moan.

In night's solitary hours,
Song my wounded heart outpours,
The rocks among;
And the air around me brings
Thrillings of your angel wings
To join my song.

Of poor neighbouring folk my dreams, —
Born beneath those roofs, where gleams
The wakeful light;
Grizzled beard or golden hair,
What do the deep waters care
In stormy night?

Those by others lost I weep,—
All doth one same sorrow steep,
The same blow shocks;
Here upon this iron coast
All in one same vessel lost,
On the same rocks.

Captains stout, and sea boys small,
Whom did such dear voices call,
And such heart prayer.
They are mixed in ocean's space;
Silver fish each other chase
Amid their hair.

'Neath the dark waves, without number,
See them in the deep ooze slumber,
Marred by its stain;
Wide their mouths are — dreadful sight! —
As if gaping with affright:
Death's draught they drain.

Pallid, wandering ghosts they be,
Whom their cottage ne'er shall see,
Nor home receive;
Woods, fresh green, of beech or oak,
Meadow, flower, their chimney smoke,
At golden eve.

In their eyes the senseless wave,
Which doth ever flee and rave,
 While winds pursue,
Doth, sad change ! the land replace,
Paths their steps shall ne'er retrace,
 Nor eyes shall view.

Ghosts and corpses, wan and worn,
These from port to port are borne
 By ebb and flow.
Dawn they never more shall greet
Nor shall eve its music sweet
 On them bestow.

Yet our musing fancy rests
'Mid these rocks upon those guests
 Of th' unknown bourne,
Through the shivering sea-depths gone,
To that shadow-land whence none
 Hither return.

'T was the husband, 't was the child,
Called their names with voices wild,
 And boding vows,
When at eve the Pharo's glare,
Or the morning torches flare
 Alarm arouse.

One cries, "Soon I hope shall all
Safe return, — James, Peter, Hal,
 Louis, and John,
August next, when grapes are black ;"
But the night wind murmurs back :
 " Vanished and gone !"

Says another : " 'Mid the storms,
Closely watch, you 'll see the forms
 Of the drowned dead.
When the eve falls then they come ;
Every billow is a tomb,
 Whence comes a head."

'Tis in this unbridled main
Souls are borne to heaven again,
 Heaven's birds of bliss.
Every billow is a grave ;
O my dove ! still every grave
 A cradle is.

MENTANA.¹

[VICTOR HUGO TO GARIBALDI.]

I.

“YOUNG soldiers of the noble Latin blood,
How many are ye, boys?” “Four thousand
odd.”

“How many are there dead?” “Six hundred: count!”
Their limbs lie strewn about the fatal mount,
Blackened and torn, eyes gummed with blood, hearts
rolled

Out from their ribs, to give the wolves of the wold
A red feast; nothing of them left but these
Pierced relics, underneath the olive-trees,
Show where the gin was sprung, — the scoundrel-trap
Which brought those hero-lads their foul mishap.
See how they fell in swathes, like barley-ears!
Their crime? — to claim Rome and her glories theirs:
To fight for right and honour, — foolish names!

¹ The Battle of Mentana, so named from a village by Rome, was fought between the allied French and Papal Armies and the Volunteer Forces of Garibaldi, Nov. 3, 1867.

Come, mothers of the soil, Italian dames,
Turn the dead over! — try your battle luck!
(Bearded or smooth, to her that gave him suck
The man is always child.) Stay! here's a brow
Split by the Zouaves' bullets! This one, now,
With the bright curly hair soaked so in blood,
Was yours, ma donna! — sweet and fair and good.
The spirit sat upon his fearless face
Before they murdered it, in all the grace
Of manhood's dawn. Sisters, here's yours! His lips,
Over whose bloom the bloody death-foam slips,
Lisp'd house-songs after you, and said your name
In loving prattle once. That hand, the same
Which lies so cold over the eyelids shut,
Was once a small pink baby-fist, and wet
With milk beads from thy yearning breasts.

Take thou

Thine eldest; thou, thy youngest born. Oh, flow
Of tears never to cease! Oh, hope quite gone,
Dead like the dead! Yet could they live alone,
Without their Tiber and their Rome? and be
Young and Italian and not also free?
They longed to see the ancient eagle try
His lordly pinions in a modern sky.
They bore — each on himself — the insults laid

On the dear foster-land ; of naught afraid,
Save of not finding foes enough to dare
For Italy. Ah, gallant, free, and rare
Young martyrs of a sacred cause, adieu !
No more of life, no more of love, for you !
No sweet long-straying in the star-lit glades
At Ave-Mary, with the Italian maids ;
No welcome home !

II.

This Garibaldi now, the Italian boys
Go mad to hear him, take to dying, take
To passion for " the pure and high." — God's sake !
It's monstrous, horrible ! One sees quite clear
Society — our charge — must shake with fear,
And shriek for help, and call on us to act
When there 's a hero, taken in the fact.
If light shines in the dark, there 's guilt in that !
What 's viler than a lantern to a bat ?

III.

Your Garibaldi missed the mark ! You see
The end of life 's to cheat, and not to be

Cheated. The knave is nobler than the fool !
Get all you can and keep it ! Life 's a pool, —
The best luck wins. If Virtue starves in rags,
I laugh at Virtue ; here 's my money-bags !
Here 's righteous metal ! We have kings, I say,
To keep cash going, and the game at play ;
There 's why a king wants money, — he 'd be missed
Without a fertilizing civil list.

Do but try

The question with a steady moral eye !
The colonel strives to be a brigadier,
The marshal, constable. Call the game fair,
And pay your winners ! Show the trump, I say !
A renegade 's a rascal — till the day
They make him Pasha. Is he rascal then ?
What ! with these sequins ? Bah ! you speak to men,
And men want money, power, luck, life's joy.
Those take who can : we could, and fobbed Savoy.
For those who live content with honest state,
They 're public pests ; knock we 'em on the pate !
They set a vile example ! Quick ! arrest
That fool, who ruled and failed to line his nest.
Just hit a bell, you 'll see the clapper shake ;
Meddle with priests, you 'll find the barrack wake.
Ah, princes know the people 's a tight boot ;

March 'em sometimes to be shot and to shoot,
Then they 'll wear easier. So let them preach
The righteousness of howitzers; and teach
At the fag end of prayer, "Now, slit their throats,
My holy Zouaves! my good yellow-coats!"
We like to see the Holy Father send
Powder and steel and lead without an end,
To feed Death fat; and broken battles mend.
So they!

IV.

But thou, our hero, baffled, foiled
The glorious chief who vainly bled and toiled
The trust of all the peoples, Freedom's knight
The paladin unstained, the Sword of Right!
What wilt thou do, whose land finds thee but jails?
The banished claim the banished! Deign to cheer
The refuge of the homeless: enter here,
And light upon our households dark will fall
Even as thou enterest. Oh, brother, all,—
Each one of us,—hurt with thy sorrows' proof,
Will make a country for thee of his roof.
Come, sit with those who live as exiles learn.
Come, thou whom kings could conquer but not yet
turn!

We'll talk of "Palermo,"¹ "the thousand" true,
Will tell the tears of blood of France to you ;
Then by his own great sea we'll read, together,
Old Homer in the quiet summer weather ;
And after, thou shalt go to thy desire
While that faint star of Justice grows to fire.²

V.

O Italy ! hail your deliverer,
O nations ! almost he gave Rome to her.
Strong-arm and prophet-heart had all but come
To win the city, and to make it "Rome."
Calm, of the antique grandeur, ripe to be
Named with the noblest of her history.
He would have Romanized your Rome, controlled
Her glory, lordships, gods, in a new mould.
Her spirits' fervour would have melted in
The hundred cities with her, made a twin

¹ Palermo was taken immediately after the Garibaldian volunteers, one thousand strong, landed at Marsala to inaugurate the rising which made Italy free.

³ Both the poet and his idol lived to see the French Republic for the fourth time proclaimed. When Hugo rose in the Senate, on the first occasion after his return to Paris subsequent to the expulsion of the Napoleons, and his white head was seen above that of Rouher, ex-Prime Minister of the Empire, all the house shuddered, and in a nearly unanimous voice shouted : "The judgment of God ! expiation !"

Vesuvius and the Capitol, and blended
Strong Juvenal's with the soul, tender and splendid,
Of Dante ; smelted old with new alloy ;
Stormed at the Titans' road full of bold joy
Whereby men storm Olympus. Italy,
Weep ! This man could have made one Rome of thee !

VI.

But the crime's wrought ! Who wrought it ?

Honest man —

Priest Pius ? No ! Each does but what he can.
Yonder's the criminal ! The warlike wight
Who hides behind the ranks of France to fight,
Greek Sinon's blood crossed thick with Judas-Jew's,
The traitor who with smile which true men woos,
Lip mouthing pledges, hand grasping the knife,
Waylaid French Liberty, and took her life.
Kings, he is of you ! fit companion ! One
Whom day by day the lightning looks upon
Keen ; while the sentenced man triples his guard
And trembles, for his hour approaches hard.
Ye ask me, " When ? " I say "*Soon !*" Hear ye not
Yon muttering in the skies above the spot ?

Mark ye no coming shadow, kings, — the shroud
Of a great storm driving the thunder-cloud ?
Hark ! like the thief-catcher who pulls the pin,
God's thunder asks *to speak to one within !*

VII.

And meanwhile this death-odour, — this corpse-scent
Which makes the priestly incense redolent
Of rotting men, and the Te Deums stink, —
Reeks through the forests, past the river's brink,
O'er wood and plain and mountain, till it fouls
Fair Paris in her pleasures ; then it prowls,
A deadly stench, to Crete, to Mexico,
To Poland, — wheresoe'er kings' armies go :
And earth one upas-tree of bitter sadness,
Opening vast blossoms of a bloody madness.
Throats cut by thousands ; slain men by the ton ;
Earth quite corpse-cumulated, though the half not done !
They lie, stretched out, where the blood-puddles soak,
Their black lips gaping with the last cry spoke.
“ Stretched ? ” nay ! *sown broadcast* ; yes, the word is
“ sown.”

The fallows, Liberty ; the harsh wind blown
Over the furrows, Fate ; and these stark dead

Are grain sublime, from Death's cold fingers shed
To make the Abyss conceive : the Future bear
More noble heroes ! Swell, O corpses dear !
Rot quick to the green blade of freedom ! Death,
Do thy kind will with them ! They without breath,
Stripped, scattered, ragged, festering, slashed, and blue,
Dangle towards God the arms French shot tore through,
And wait in meekness, Death, for him and you !

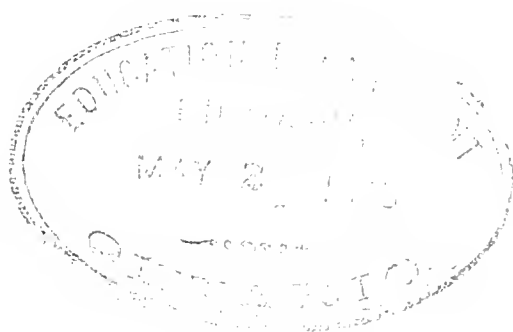
VIII.

O France ! O People sleeping unabashed !
Liest thou like a hound when it was lashed ?
Thou liest ! thine own blood fouling both thy hands,
And on thy limbs the rust of iron bands,
And round thy wrists the cut where cords went deep.
Say, did they numb thy soul, that thou didst sleep ?
Alas ! sad France is grown a cave for sleeping,
Which a worse night than midnight holds in keeping ;
Thou sleepest sottish, lost to life and fame,
While the stars stare on thee, and pale for shame.
Stir ! rouse thee ! Sit ! if thou know'st not to rise ;
Sit up, thou tortured sluggard ! ope thine eyes !
Stretch thy brawn, giant ! Sleep is foul and vile !
Art fagged, art deaf, art dumb, art blind this while ?

They lie who say so! Thou dost know and feel
The things they do to thee and thine. The heel
That scratched thy neck in passing — whose? Canst
say?

Yes, yes, 't was *his*, and this is his *fête-day*!
O thou that wert of humankind, couched so,
A beast of burden on this dunghill! oh,
Bray to them, Mule! O Bullock, bellow then!
Since they have made thee blind, grope in thy den!
Do something, Outcast One that wast so grand!
Who knows, if thou putt'st forth thy poor maimed hand,
There may be 'venging weapon within reach!
Feel with both hands, — with both huge arms go stretch
Along the black wall of thy cellar. Nay,
There *may* be some odd thing hidden away, —
Who knows? — there *may*! Those great hands might
so come,
In course of ghastly fumble through the gloom,
Upon a sword, — a *sword*! The hands once clasp
Its hilt, must wield it with a victor's grasp.

THE END.



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